

Let Harvest Festival be Our Sacrifice of Thanksgiving!

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND.

21st Year. No. 52.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

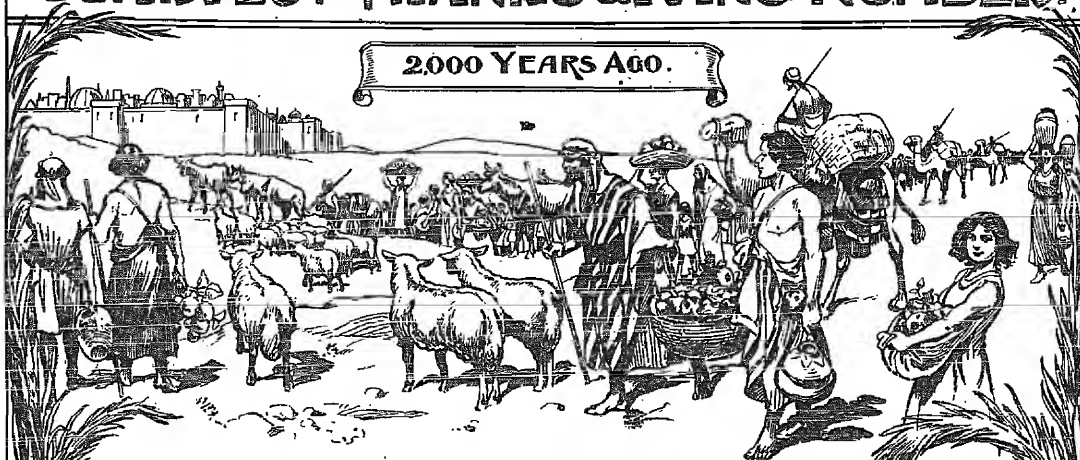
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

2,000 YEARS AGO.



MODERN SALVATION ARMY FESTIVAL.



"Oh! Give Thanks Unto the Lord for All His Benefits."

ALL YOU GO?

the land of the pure and the
py, the kingdom of love;
I in the broad road of folly,
to the Eden above?

Chorus.

Will you go to the Eden above?

either sighing nor angu-
sheds where the glorified ro-
s, who in misery languish,
to the Eden above?

on prepared and all furnished
house he is summoned to

s with glory are burnished,
to the Eden above?

EVENTS.

THE

Festival

DATES

24, 25, 26.

IAL DAYS.

MONDAY,

OCTOBER 1st and 2nd.

Every Corps in Memory

deified Comrades.

ONEL PUGHMIRE'S

ERN TOUR.

Meetings as follows:

Friday, Sept. 15

Sat. and Sun., Sept. 16, 17

Tues. and Wed., Sept. 19, 20

Thursday, Sept. 21

Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24

(Sole will also be held.)

Monday, Sept. 25

ONEL GASKIN

will conduct

val Meetings

in Kingston, on September 23, 24.

ND MRS. SOUTHALL

conduct the

estival Campaign

in Peterboro, on September 23, 24.

IGN OWEN

Meetings as follows: Barrie

(H. P. week-end).

OPIC TOUR.

Sun. and Mon., Sept. 30, Oct. 1

and Wed., Oct. 3, 4: Clitham

Thurs., Oct. 5: Londonderry

Fri., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Oct.

6, 7, 8: Summerside, Wed.

9, 10, 11: Westville, Thurs.,

Oct. 12: Glace Bay, Sun. and M.

13, 14: St. John's, Oct. 15, 16: St.

John's, Oct. 17, 18: St. John's,

Oct. 19, 20: St. John's, Oct. 21,

Oct. 22: New Glasgow, Tues.

Oct. 23: Halifax, Thurs., Oct.

24, 25: Windsor, Sat., Sun. and

26, 27: Liverpool, Tues., Oct.

28, 29: Annapolis, Thurs., Nov.

1, 2: St. John's, Sat., Sun. and

Nov. 3, 4: St. John's, Nov. 5, 6:

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TRUST.

I cannot understand
The why and wherefore of a thousand things.
The crosses, the annoyance, the daily stings;
I cannot understand,
But I can trust; and perfect trusting
Perfect comfort brings.

I cannot clearly see
Why life to one brings joy, unlooked-for gain
While to another bitter heart-aches come and
pain;

I cannot clearly see,
But I can trust; and by-and-bye
My Father will explain.

I cannot see the end,
The hidden meaning of each trial sent;
The pattern into which each tangled thread
is blent.

I cannot see the end,
But I can trust; and in His changeless love
I am content.

I cannot grasp the whole,
Of life's great symphony, nor find the key
To these strange minor cadences perplexing
me.

I cannot grasp the whole,
But I will trust in Him, whose ways
Are perfect harmony.

—Victory.

A MARBLE BIBLE.

An Extraordinary Buddhist Monument.

Great as has been the amount of labor expended on the various Bibles in the world, the palm for execution must be given to the Kuno-daw, which is a Buddhist monument near Mandalay, in Burma. It consists of about a hundred temples, each containing a slab of white marble on which the whole of the Buddhists' Bible, consisting of more than 8,000,000 syllables, has been engraved. The Burmese alphabet is used, but the language is Pali. This wonderful Bible is absolutely unique. The Kuno-daw was erected in 1857 by Mindon-Min, the last king but one of Burma. The vast collection of temples together form a square with a dominating temple in the centre. Each of the marble slabs on which the sacred texts are inscribed is surmounted by an ornamental canopy in pagoda form.

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

I received the following incident from my brother, Staff-Capt. Ellis, in England, and pass it on to the readers of the War Cry for their encouragement.—M. F. Ellis.

Hull incidents demonstrating once more the power and reality of prayer. A modern, up-to-date answer to prayer occurring in the above city, June 16th, 1905.—J. G. B. Ellis.

Making my annual visit and appeal to the above town on behalf of S. A. funds, I, to my great disappointment, found that those who had on previous visits given to me had left the town. The outlook (particularly as all English towns are suffering from a protracted depression) was black enough.

One gentleman, a Baronet, whose name I had on my list, seven years before had given £50, but had refused me in the interval of time. I determined to try and see him again, and before doing so I prayed earnestly to God that he would both make him see and feel that his chances of doing good were slipping away and his opportunities were growing less. After trudging long distances and making many calls, I got the interview. He told me it was not through any animus against the Salvation Army that he had not given anything for all these years, but because his town was one of the poorest, and he was called upon to give largely to its benevolences, that he was unable to give to us. He certainly had no intention of altering his purpose.

Presently he lifted a letter from his desk saying, "I have just received some £4,000 that have unexpectedly come to me, and I

am giving it away, as I am feeling that my opportunities and chances of doing good are slipping away"—a confession that was so strikingly the substance and literal wording of my prayer gave me my opportunity. And I quickly said:

"Sir James, don't think it can't. Before I came to see you I prayed earnestly to God that He would make you both think and feel that your chances of doing good were slipping away and would soon be gone." (He is getting an old man now.)

In an instant he replied, "Well, then, I will give you £50."

"Let Me Come in to Die."

An Australian Rescue Story.

It was late at night. In answer to a knock the Matron asked: "Who is there?"

"Will you let me in, sister?" a feeble voice answered.

The door opened, a frail little figure was to be seen, and again the pleading words, "Please, let me in; I have come here to die."

Quickly the little soul was gathered in from the loneliness and blackness of the night.

"You have not come here to die, I think, but to be loved and helped and saved," said the matron kindly.

"No, sister; I have made up my mind that I cannot live any longer in this misery."

Then the terrible story was told.

"Mother died when I was a baby, father married again, and my stepmother hated me. Many a time she dragged me through the house by my hair; she kicked me with her boots till I was covered with bruises. I grew up with bitterness in my heart, and when I came home from school almost every day she would say, 'I wish you were in the streets.' As soon as I was old enough I got a situation, but because of my gloomy disposition nobody cared for me, till I met him. He told me he loved me, and I believed him, and my heart was so fond of him.

"He went away after I told him I felt I was to become a mother. I don't know where he went. I was told you helped poor girls like me, and I have come to die, sister. I know I cannot live any longer."

Home influences, kind words, and kinder acts soon won her poor broken heart to the Saviour of the lost. A few days after her conversion the baby came. All seemed to be going well, but all the time Annie persisted that she had come in to die, and so it proved.

After a calm, yet affectionate farewell, a gathering of the other Rescue girls round her bed, and a final good-bye to the officers, both the poor, ill-treated mother and her sweet little babe were gathered Home!

The doctor said it was a mystery, but both officers and girls felt that God had made no mistake—and had taken the girl and her child to heaven that they might really know what love means.

A MURDERER'S REPENTANCE.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, how can you? How can you go into the presence of God with the stain of human blood upon your soul? You will soon have to stand in the presence of God."

The Salvation worker pleaded with the condemned murderer to face the awful future and the consequence of his sin. The only response was the meaningless laugh, for he assumed insanity as a plea for leniency from the law. The sister and her companions dropped upon their knees, and pleaded with God to touch his heart, and show to his deceived and darkened mind that there was redemption for such as he.

"Did you see his tears," remarked one, as they turned away.

Truly his laughter was changed to weeping through the earnest petition offered. He was, through the influence of that visit and subsequent ones, brought to repentance, and went to the scaffold thanking God for those who had brought him back to God.—Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Hindoo Converts.

"I have now returned to Colombo, after rather a busy ten days in Jaffna, North Ceylon. I mentioned in my letter last week about the village meeting, where we received some thirty or forty families as adherents. The officer in charge reports that, including young people, we have quite one hundred adherents in this village (Myliddy), all of whom are Hindoos. As there are about 1,000 people at least in this caste, within a small radius, we should be able to win them all for God and the Army. I was pleased to see many converts from the last meetings present at the series I conducted in Jaffna College Hall, and to hear good accounts of them. On the first night we had twelve penitents, the second night thirteen, and the last night twenty-two. This was a remarkable meeting. The first to volunteer to the mercy seat was a rich young Hindoo student, who comes from a village where there are no Christians. His courageous act caused quite a sensation. He afterwards testified publicly, saying that he intended to follow Jesus. We shall see greater things in Jaffna."—Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ratnam.

The Negro in the South.

Dr. James E. Shepherd, a smart-looking colored man, in his early prime, a Field Secretary among negroes in the south, gave an able address at the International Sunday School Convention in Toronto recently, that held the great meeting in close attention throughout. He made the startling statement that there were 3,077,412 black children between the ages of 5 and 14 in the United States. The work of saving the negro was, therefore, largely in the hands of the Sunday Schools. More than one-third of all the American negro race were in the formative period and presented great possibilities for work.

"Forty years ago my people could only boast of their religion, and that, though sincere, was very faulty. Just as a child looking into fairyland sees in that self-created, invisible world objects of delight, so my people, unlearned in the true love, of systematic spiritualism, created for themselves a spiritual world that was not unlike the fairyland of childhood—a reaching forward to the invisible, to the unknown, and a desire to know Him, but not according to any system that had been handed down to them; but slowly out of the error my race have largely outgrown or outlived a period of superstition, of dogmatic self-centred religion, and are seeking to know the true way. I would make a mistake should I say this awakening impulse had reached the millions; for the masses the light is still feeble, still glimmering.

Good Home Training.

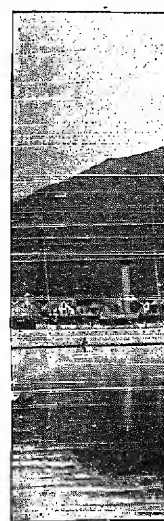
"My race are rapidly learning that God will bless them in the years to come, if the training along right lines begins in the home, around the fireside—a fireside where God's Word is read, and a prayer for guidance offered each day. I am glad to report that in a large number of home where the family altar had been torn down it has been rebuilt, and from such homes in the future will come the pillars of people."

The negro is rapidly learning the lesson of self-help, and for that he who would be helped must first help himself, and thus of their own free will they have contributed largely of their small earnings to the work of this association.

Narrow prejudices of creeds and doctrines are largely forgotten in the effort to save the boy and make a race strong. Lessons of love, peace and Christian forbearance are being more largely taught today in the Sunday Schools of all the races in the southland than ever before, and the result is seen in the better feeling existing, and the desire to help each other to get along. Does not that one fact repay you for all that you have done?

AN A
THE SALVATION

Killisnoo is situated on Admiralty Island, off to Sitka. Its main industry is guano, and Guano Factory, rings, but also dog for its purposes. The evil repute, as it is said to put their prisoners to no fresh water on the terrible death from thirsting being captured (travellers were put there. We death before them that kill us no!" What story of the origin of not say, but when one of odors coming from



of decay, one may be the tourist said, "The 'Kill-us-soon.'"

I left Killisnoo at a steamer Cottage City,tainable. By noon we

Sitka, which is the situated in a beautiful numerous small rock large. Indians form

population. The Greco a unique building he inside, which has some ings worth thousands garments and mitres it who resides here. It is Alaska less than forty territory, which was

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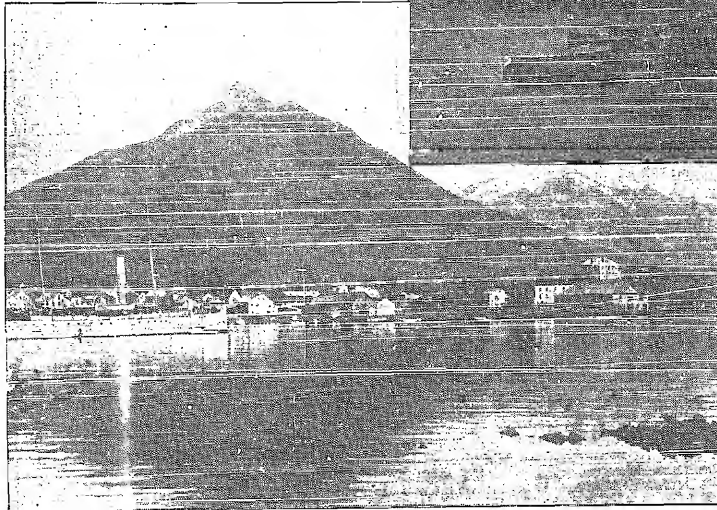
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AN ALASKAN VOYAGE.

THE SALVATION ARMY AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

By Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich.

Killisnoo is situated on a small island off Admiralty Island, on the outward journey to Sitka. Its main support is the Fish Oil and Guano Factory, which chiefly uses herrings, but also dogfish and other varieties for its purposes. The island was formerly of evil repute, as it is said the Kaki Indians used to put their prisoners there, and as there is no fresh water on the island, it meant a terrible death from thirst. Two Scotsmen having been captured (traders and trappers) they were put there. Well knowing the terrible death before them they cried, "Kill us now, kill us now!" Whether this is the correct story of the origin of the word or not I cannot say, but when one smells the great variety of odors coming from fish in various stages



View of Sitka, Alaska.

of decay, one may be tempted to cry out, as the tourist said, "The place should be named, Kill-us-soon."

I left Killisnoo at 5 a.m. on the crowded steamer Cottage City. No berth was obtainable. By noon we tied up at Sitka wharf.

Sitka, which is the capital of Alaska, is situated in a beautiful bay surrounded by numerous small rocky islands. It is not large.

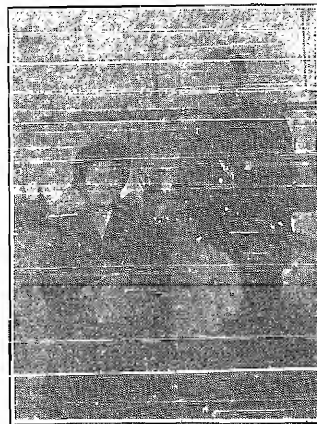
Indians form the majority of the population. The Greek-Catholic Church has a unique building here, beautifully finished inside, which has some gems of sacred paintings worth thousands of dollars, and valuable garments and mitres for the use of the bishop who resides here. It will be remembered that Alaska less than forty years ago was Russian territory, which was sold to the U. S. Government for a trifling sum. The Episcopal Church also has located here the headquarters of Bishop Rowe, and the Presbyterian Missionary Society has chosen Sitka for her mission school for Indian children, of which probably a hundred are residing on the premises.

The native Christians are divided between the Greek-Catholic and the Presbyterian Churches, although there is much room still for an aggressive organization like the Salvation Army, as many natives do not attend either church, and are not professing Christians.

Sitka, like most of these islands, in spite of their northerly situation, has a remarkably even climate, with mild winters. Agriculture, however, cannot be made a feature of Alaska, owing to the nature of the land. Nearly the entire south-east coast and islands are rocky

soil with dense timber growth and swampy, mossy soil difficult of drainage. Mining and fishing are, and will be, the chief wealth of the country. Pulp mills may some day become one of the native industries.

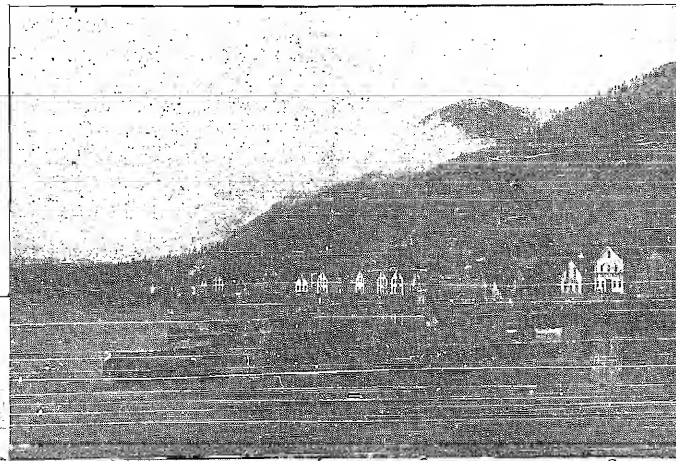
From Sitka a good day's journey brings us to Treadwell, one of the three sister towns of Treadwell, Douglas, and Juneau. The first two are located on Douglas Island, the latter across the narrow stretch of water on the



Alaskan Native Salvation Family.

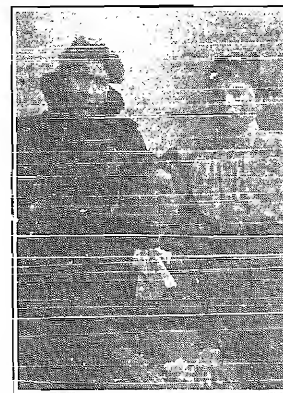
mainland, under the shadow of high and rich mountains.

At Treadwell I landed Sunday evening, about six o'clock. I walked the mile or so which separated me from Douglas, and here was successful in locating a friend who helped me to get my baggage from the steamer, and placed his little hut at my disposal. I accepted his offer, and soon word was sent to



Native Town of Sitka, Alaska.

the Sergeant in charge of our little native corps here that I would be at the meeting. When I arrived at the meeting a nice crowd was there and our little hall was filled. The soldiers impressed me as very earnest, and their testimonies, in the Tlingit tongue, had a good ring about them. They listened eagerly to my Bible reading and eagerly drank in all I said. The natives everywhere impress you as most eager to learn and to understand



Native Local Officers of Douglas.

God. Three or four souls knelt at the penitent form that night, among them a very aged Indian. The interpreter tried to translate my words to him fully for a long time, when at last he threw up his hands, and with a light in his face cried, "I know, I know God!"

After the meeting a couple came to be married. They had been waiting for weeks for me, and it took them but little time to be ready. The ceremony was going on with that dignity the native can assume, and was as impressive as it was unimpeded. Next day the happy bride brought me a pair of sealskin moccasins as my fee.

Sergeant Mrs. Bennett looks well after the meetings and the soldiers. Sgt. Smith cannot come around very often, but now two officers have been appointed here, who conduct meetings for the white population in a separate hall as well as look after the native work.

converts.

and to Colombo, after
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MOB ATTACKS SALVATIONISTS.

THE OPENING OF MONTREAL V. ATTENDED BY BRUTAL TREATMENT OF WOMEN—POLICE POWERLESS BECAUSE INSUFFICIENT.

The opening of the fifth corps in what is known in Montreal as the Annex was marked by scenes of disorder and brutality. The citizens of the Annex feel humiliated over the whole affair.

The Witness reporter writes:

"The opening meeting was held on Saturday evening, but the order was not specially bad on that occasion. An open-air meeting preceded the service in the barracks. There was considerable hooting and throwing, but no person or property was injured. The meeting on Sunday afternoon was also held in comparatively good order, but Staff-Capt. Moore, who was in charge of the meeting, was struck with a piece of corn-cob as he was about to take the car for home.

"The operations of the mob commenced on Sunday evening and were continued last night. The open-air meeting on Sunday evening was very rough. Tomatoes, stones, sticks, mud, anything that could be picked up off the street, rained on the defenceless Salvationists from all sides. The assailants were both men and boys.

"Capt. Mabel Webber, one of the secretaries at the Provincial Headquarters, who was walking in the rear of the procession, was painfully injured by a man who deliberately kicked her.

"At the open-air meeting also, while singing a solo, Capt. Webber was struck a stinging blow in the face with an apple. Nearly every one of the Salvationists were more or less painfully injured during the evening meetings, outdoors or in.

"Last night the attack was renewed with more fury and savagery than ever, and with still more serious results. The sidewalk, street, and vacant lot in the vicinity of the open-air meeting were blocked with a crowd estimated at 500 people.

"Staff-Capt. Moore opened the service with a short address on the objects and methods of the Army. His remarks were, apparently, well received, the main disturbers of previous meetings being absent. Returning to the hall a short distance away, one hundred and fifty people crowded in. Staff-Captain Moore placed Mrs. Brigadier Turner in charge of the meeting and devoted his attention to keeping door."

Kicked and Stoned.

The reporter goes on to describe in detail the brutalities of the mob. After several disturbers of the meeting had been requested to leave they continued their disturbances outside, where a crowd of their sympathizers proved too much for the two policemen in attendance. Capt. Owen was sent for more police protection and returned with one other policeman. His appearance caused a renewed frenzy. The Captain was kicked, and hit with numerous missiles, and the heavy plate glass window smashed.

Not only were hard substances thrown into the hall, but finally liquids were used by the infuriated crowd. First a bottle of assafoetida was emptied just inside the door, and this not being bad enough, the contents of a bottle of ammonia were thrown over the door-keepers. Some of the liquid reached their faces and ruined their clothes. The lock had been tampered with, making it impossible to lock the door from the outside.

Even some sympathizers with the Army came in for rough treatment.

The women officers who were more or less injured were Mrs. Brigadier Turner, Ensign Cabrit, Lieut. Hellberg, Capt. Patterson and Webber. The majority of the brave mob who so valiantly attacked a handful of defenceless women were full-grown men.

Staff-Capt. Moore Injured.

The climax of the persecution at St. Louis came on Thursday night, when a mob of five thousand gathered to attack the few Salvationists who gathered. Staff-Captain Moore was painfully injured, his face being bruised and cut by stones.

A guard of 300 Army sympathizers had organized itself and came to the rescue of the Salvationists. After some hand-to-hand tussles the 300 managed to press the 5,000 back into St. Lawrence Main, Montreal. It must be said, however, that comparatively a small number of the huge crowd were disturbers, but of course it is impossible to tell the temper of a crowd by the cowardly element that completely wrecked our hall at St. Louis.

The police were a little better prepared since the corporation attorney told the Mayor that the Army had the constitutional right to march and hold meetings, and that the corporation was liable to be called upon for damages done by the mob. Fifty special policemen were on duty and nine arrests were made.

It must be said that the press of Montreal are unanimous in denouncing the outrage, and it is equally certain that the better citizens of St. Louis, both Catholic and Protestant alike, deplore the fact that their town has received such undesirable notoriety. It is sincerely believed that the end of the persecution has come, and that after this the officers and soldiers of the corps will be allowed to conduct their meetings without molestation.

The Provincial Officer's Side.

Brigadier Turner, the Provincial Officer, writes:

"The open-air service was listened to with a fair degree of interest, as was also the inside meeting, where a nice crowd had gathered. The difficulty commenced on Sunday afternoon, when the comrades started for home at the conclusion of the service. A large crowd had assembled round the building, also up and down the streets, and hurled all sorts and conditions of missiles at the Salvationists, while the crowd followed them for a considerable distance. The open-air Sunday night was very stormy, as was the inside service. All sorts of missiles were hurled at

the building and at our people. Although no one was seriously hurt, the comrades escaped with a number of bruises. Monday being Labor Day, the rough element had evidently planned to organize against us, and came out in full force.

"Everything was in an uproar, the frenzied crowd acting like madmen. A Salvationist of No. 1 got seriously injured. The meeting was broken up in the confusion that followed, nearly all the glass in the front of the building was smashed, a bottle of ammonia and another of chloroform was thrown at the door-keepers and into the building, until all present were nearly choked.

"The Tuesday night gathering was somewhat quieter, owing to the fact that an organized band of Protestant men and boys had gathered of their own accord to protect the Army. Wednesday night was stormy, owing to the fact that an organized and premeditated plan was unfortunately successful in breaking up our meeting, while the utmost was done to mob our people, who were gallantly defended by those who had risen up in our defence. Staff-Capt. Moore, who went to the door in order to help maintain order, was struck in the face near the eye, and severely cut, while his face is bruised generally. The riot was extremely fierce, reminding those present who were in the Quebec riots of the serious times then experienced, that of Wednesday night being equally vicious in its nature. The Fairmount men again took up the defence for the Army, but owing to their crowd being small, numerically speaking, in comparison to the opposition, some rough blows were experienced, but none of our people got hurt, apart from the Staff-Captain.

"The papers are taking it up with a keen interest, some good editorials being inserted, resulting in a crowd of the citizens coming to our aid, of their own accord, last night (Thursday)."

THE GENERAL'S MOTOR TOUR

Edinburgh surprised the General. He expected to rush very quietly through on his way to Dalkeith—no meeting or reception having been arranged. But it is no exaggeration to say that the influx of people in the thoroughfares traversed by the cars through the city was almost parallel to Glasgow in respect to numbers and enthusiasm. Certainly it was more representative. In olden times, when a Stuart entered the city to assume the crown, fountains of wine danced in the Tolbooth, but under the Castle Hill tonight the wine of human admiration and sympathy for a noble Christian ran along avenues of citizens.

Pretty Dalkeith—Good Galashiels—And Busy Hawick.

The General finished his day's labors at Dalkeith, in the Duke of Buccleuch's sphere of influence. The town literally turned out to greet him; the United Free Church was filled with two thousand people to hear him, the Provost graced the proceedings in a manly confession of his faith in the genius and ideas of the Army. The magistrate dotted his i's and crossed his t's, while the General was as happy and as fresh in his delivery of his usual review and defence as if he were beginning a campaign. Salvationists from Penicuik and Stenhousemuir turned up in brakes, among them the remarkable standard-bearer belonging to the former corps—a man who was the despair of his friends, and whose profession of conversion at the penitent form appeared so questionable that he was not counted! To-day he is the talk and pride of the town.

The generosity of the neighborhood entertained the officers.

Galashiels was the first objective on our agenda next (Friday) morning. The ride to it was through one of the glories of Scotland for forest, mountain, and glen.

Galashiels is a proud little town, with something to be proud of.

First there is its industry—the manufacture of woollen goods. The mills have refused for generations to make shoddy tweeds, one in particular issuing cloth not under 3s. 6d. a yard. Trade is brisk, women earning 18s. to 27s. per week, while many men earn less! Secondly, the town is socially clean, not a woman of the baser sort being on the police books. Thirdly, it sends its sons as designers of woollen goods to all parts of the world. And I ought to add that the citizens are particularly proud of the present field officers.

The General was most warmly received, the mill hands turning out, especially in the evening, in their thousands to bid their friend and guest God-speed. A meeting was held in the Union Free Church, at which almost one thousand people were present. There was no room for more. The same liberality that I have previously marked, distinguished the freewill gifts of the people.

A suitable termination of a delightful day occurred at the border town at Hawick. The population is about 20,000. If I had not known it I should have declared that there was quite that number of people on the streets. Their lung power was exerted to purpose, for they resounded the welcome typified in the banner suspended at the entrance of the town: "Come awa', General!" The town was gay over the General, and the people went delirious as the cars stopped at the Town Hall, and the General rose and saluted them. The meeting inside, with three thousand as an audience, focussed the spirit of the hour, and nothing could possibly exceed the popularity of the people.

Across the Border.

We crossed the border in a mist, as well as being compelled to get out and shove our cars over the hill in front of the Jedburgh Road. This little mistake arose from being badly directed by our new pilot. Once in England, we encountered other obstacles in

(Continued on page 13.)

Oh, C

THE idea of Har new. It is as the creation of thank-offerings. The people shows that so offer sacrifices as the for the abundance of

The Law of Moses describing the observ giving. The tithes of Temple were paid in God's promise of blessing attached to the observ about giving.

"All the tithes of seed of the land and of the herd of the flock holy unto the Lord."

If all the Lord's gave a tenth of their position Christianity

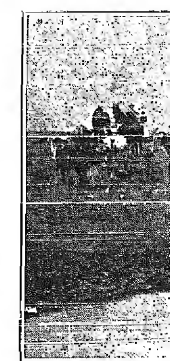
He that gives to the for the Lord does no man. He rewards the generous giver.

Let us proclaim the Not only the praise tude of the heart, a substance will be the

If we do not yet find indebtedness to God consider it.

First, we have life. heart, brain and muscles is a joy to the sound wrecks the glorious st life lose its pleasure. fight to retain it.

Then there is the blessing of sight and



sources of delight a many times have you this year? Then thank your friends; have you rightly? There are things I might enumerate to mention, as they were as being indebted to earthly life, for your apart from the great world—His Son Jesus the infinite pleasure of

Now, consider what past to show your thank the work of God on earth there is room to give Festival gives you the

You agree that the sympathy and your maintenance of our institution means more than Fund especially helps contrast to the Self-essentially a universal has helped to pay the which could not supply given us the Officers' /

Oh, Give Thanks Unto the Lord!

(To our frontispiece.)

THE idea of Harvest Thanksgiving is not new. It is as old as the hills. From the creation of man we have record of thank offerings. The history of all heathen people shows that some rite was observed to offer sacrifices as thank-offerings to the deity for the abundance of harvest.

The Law of Moses was very detailed in describing the observance of Harvest Thanksgiving. The tithes due to the Levites of the Temple were paid in kind at harvest time. God's promise of blessing and prosperity is attached to the observance of His commands about giving.

"All the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land or the fruit of the tree, . . . of the herd of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."

If all the Lord's people conscientiously gave a tenth of their income, what a different position Christianity would hold in the world.

He that gives to the Lord will not suffer—for the Lord does not remain in debt to any man. He rewards tenfold and a hundredfold the generous giver.

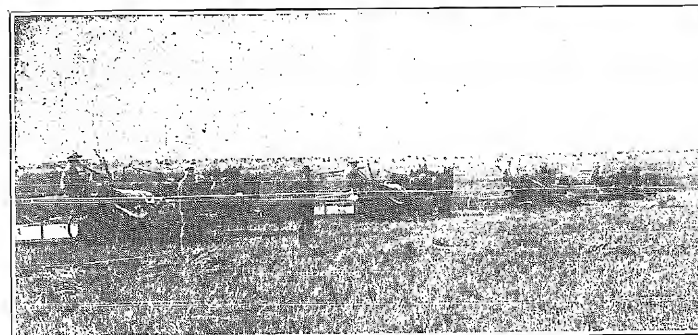
Let us proclaim the duty of thanksgiving. Not only the praise of the lip, but the gratitude of the heart, and the sacrifice of the substance will be the natural result.

If we do not yet fully realize our immense indebtedness to God, let us sit down and consider it.

First, we have life. Life is sweet. To feel heart, brain and muscle respond to our will is a joy to the sound man. Only when disease wrecks the glorious structure of the body does life lose its pleasure, but even then man will fight to retain it.

Then there is the blessing of health. The blessing of sight and hearing—what endless

helps annually to the extent of \$8,000 such officers who otherwise would scarcely be able to exist decently. It helps the Central Training College, a most praiseworthy institution,



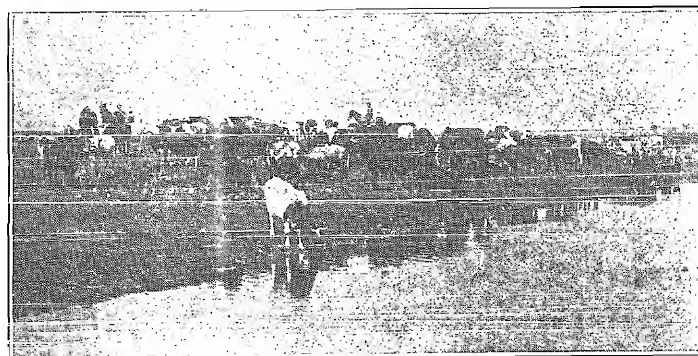
Harvesting Scene in Regina District.

which gives us good workmen for the field.

Harvest Festival in the past has been continually increasing from year to year, as the following list shows:

Harvest Festival Fund.

1892\$ 3,063.21
18936,219.13
18947,110.88
18959,763.77
189611,528.27
189713,723.63
189815,253.56



An Ideal Country for Cattle, Regina District.

sources of delight are these scenes. How many times have you gone without a meal this year? Then there is your home and your friends, have you learned to value these rightly? There are a thousand other blessings I might enumerate, but these will suffice to mention, as they will already establish you as being indebted to God for your whole earthly life, for your earthly blessings, quite apart from the greatest of all gifts to the world—His Son Jesus—that we might enjoy the infinite pleasure of eternity in heaven.

Now, consider what you have done in the past to show your thankfulness, and to assist the work of God on earth. Do you not feel there is room to give better gifts? Harvest Festival gives you the opportunity to do so.

You agree that the Army deserves your sympathy and your assistance. The maintenance of our institutions means much; extension means more money. Then the H. F. Fund especially helps the work at home, in contrast to the Self-Defence Fund, which is essentially a universal missionary fund. H. F. has helped to pay the rents of poor corps, which could not support themselves. It has given us the Officers' Assistance Fund, which

189916,017.77
190018,494.85
190119,795.21
190219,858.27
190320,355.46
190421,053.51

What shall we do in 1905?

Let the answer be \$25,000—and let all the people say, "Amen!"

SALE OF WORK.

An Appeal

TO EVERY WOMAN-OFFICER,
SOLDIER AND FRIEND.

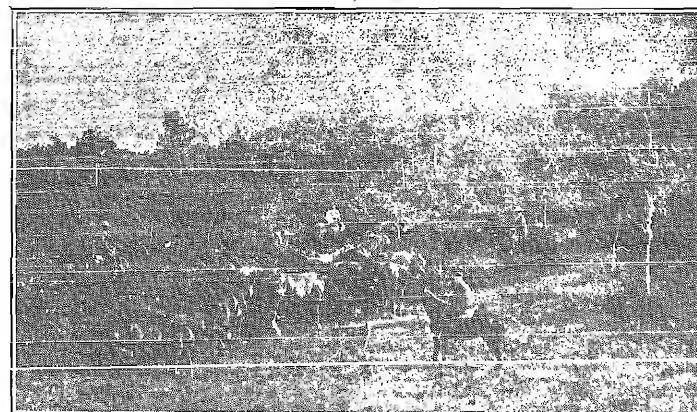
During the latter part of November a Sale of Work, in the interests of the Women's Social Work, will take place.

The sympathy of every officer, soldier and friend is requested to help in this proposal to raise the much-needed funds to maintain and extend this important branch of our operations.

Women everywhere are kindly and urgently asked to contribute some article of their own manufacture for this sale. Plain articles of clothing, or fancy work of all kinds and descriptions are desired. We can do with aprons, stockings, underwear, children's clothes, shawls, pillow covers, cushions, doilies, centre pieces, covers, quilts, burnt wood articles, paintings, photo frames, work baskets, and a hundred similar articles will be welcome.

THINK OF SOMETHING

and without delay set to work to do it. Show it to your friends, tell them about the sale, and enlist them as co-workers. Why should not each corps have a Sergeant whose sole duty it is to enrol a circle of workers and despatch a box full of goods—carriage prepaid—to Mrs. Brigadier Southall in time to reach Toronto for the sale?



Horse Ranch in the Northwest



THEY ARE WAITING.

They are waiting in the wild,
Sick, and weary, and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never even heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the Living Bread—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

Oh the long, long years are flown
Since the Master bid His own
Bear the message far and wide
Of a Saviour crucified;
"Flash the light o'er vale and hill!"
Yet they sit in darkness still—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

For the happy beam of day
That shall chase the gloom away,
For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their hearts at rest,
For the peace we know and prize,
And the hope beyond the skies—
Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

—Selected.

ABOUT ANIMALS.

BEAR TRIES TO LIFT DEER FROM WATER.

W. M. Kennedy, who has been in the lumbering business for a number of years past, tells of seeing a bear try to lift a live deer from the Magalloway River. When he discovered them, the bear had hold of the young buck's head with his teeth and was hanging on hard with the aid of his claws. The deer, seeing the bear, started, carrying the weight of the bear, but he swam directly into a trap in the creek that was made by the boom. The bear made frantic efforts to get onto the logs and pull the deer after him. But the weight was too much. The bear was disappointed by Mr. Kennedy.

SWAN IN MOURNING.

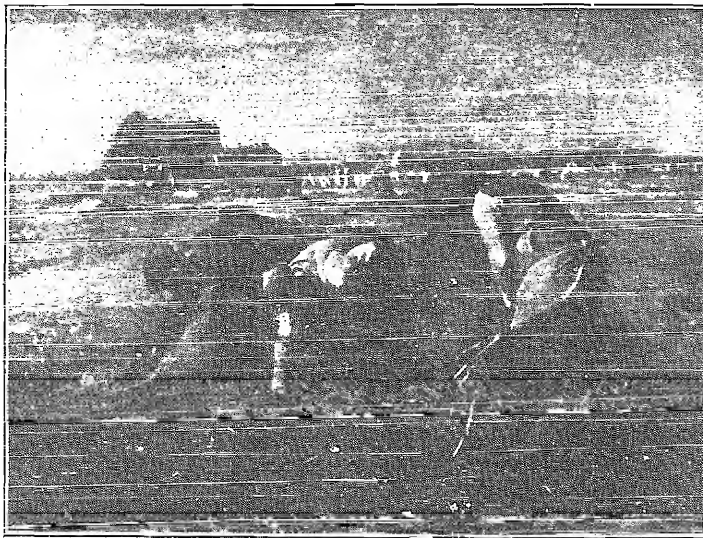
A swan, about whom a curious story is told, in Cumberland, has just returned from its summer visit to Moorhouse Farm. Originally the swan took up his abode on the lakelet in company with his mate, but their nest was robbed, and the female bird died apparently broken-hearted. The bereaved consort covered the body with leaves and weeds and departed. Every spring since he has regularly returned to the grave, always alone, and with the water birds for company, swam solemnly about the tarn throughout the summer.

AN "ELEPHANT CLAPPER."

The National Museum is continually receiving curious weapons and armor from all over the world. From Prof. Abbott, who for the last six years or more has been traveling about through the various states and islands of southern Asia and the Malay archipelago, notice of which may be seen from time to time in the Washington papers. Recently there arrived a collection of household and farming implements and utensils from southern Siam, containing, among other things, a complete outfit of elephant furniture, harness, etc., of which one object in particular constitutes about the most remarkable specimen received by the museum for several years. For a time it had the outsiders busy guessing what use the Siamese found for such an outlandish article.

The object in question was an "elephant clapper." It consists of a section of well-seasoned bamboo closed at the upper end, but open and hollow at the lower, on either side of which is a vertical slot, widening out at its upper extremity into a triangular incision, somewhat resembling the openings of the sounding board of a rude sistrum. A fibre twice passes through the upper end of this section of bamboo (which is about a foot and a half in length), as well as through the ends of two remarkable looking objects, placed one on either side of the section of bamboo. The upper part of these singular affairs are made of teak, and are a rifle over a half a foot in length. For about two-thirds of their length they look like trowel handles, widening as well as flattening out at their lower extremities, where they are divided by a slot cut into the wood for about one-third their total length. In these slots are fitted two objects of a lighter color, though hard as wood, in shape resembling a couple of revolver handles. The small or narrow parts are secured to the upper, by means of a wooden pin, upon which they work back and forth with perfect ease and freedom. These are the "clappers," and when the string holding them together is drawn taut the

butts of the wooden pistol handles rest directly upon the lower end of the section of bamboo, and on either side of the Y-shaped slot. With the slightest motion or shaking the clapper butts strike against the bamboo, making a most discordant, deafening, unmelodious, barbarous and disagreeable noise. Such is the elephant clapper. In Siam the natives are not so industrious as those of India, and to save the labor of cutting and carrying forage to their tame elephants, they simply turn the beasts out in the jungle to graze over night. As a result the Siamese elephants are not nearly so tame and docile as those of India, and as they sometimes wander considerable distances during the night, one of these elephant clappers is attached by means of a bamboo collar to the neck of the leader of the herd, in order that the mahouts may find them in the morning, just as we place bells on cows, sheep and goats and sometimes mules and horses for a similar purpose. The hollow bamboo, with a Y-shaped slot cut in the end, makes an excellent sounding board, and as elephants are never still, but constantly swinging their heads, trunks, and bodies back and forth, the leader of the herd wearing this singular contrivance keeps up a perpetual din and clatter by means of the two wooden clappers striking on the bamboo every time he sways his body or moves his head. The mahout is thus able to trace the elephants by the sound of the leader's clapper. The clapper, as it arrived at the museum, had not been unpacked since leaving Siam, and bore an exceedingly rusty



The Gleaners.

and Oriental odor, midway between musk and sewer gas. Every one who entered Dr. Beekwith's office during the day took a turn at rattling the clapper, which his assistant was obliged finally to hide from view, in order to escape what is without doubt the most outrageous noise ever devised by the diabolical fancy of man. The curators are agreed that the Siamese elephants possess wonderful nerves to be able to stand the din and racket when one of these clappers is capable of making under the slightest agitation.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

No European potentate has, when he travels, so many attendants, officers, and adjutants with him as the Shah of Persia, who has recently been visiting Vienna again. He is also accompanied by two of his little sons, to whom he pays a great deal of attention, listening in the parlor to their prattle with evident delight. A Vienna journalist says that were it not for the huge jewels in his attire he would look more like a Wallachian shepherd than like a Shah. He is short and rather stout, has sloping shoulders, and a body that looks as if it might be made of tallow or cheese. His countenance is thin, his features relaxed, his expression base. Though he seems almost like a caricature, there is something pathetic about his appearance.

How much of the web of life we have been obliged to unravel just because we built it up before we found out the true pattern which God had set for us.

RED SNOW.

There is a strange little plant called "red snow," which, though small as a pin's head, propagates with surprising rapidity. If one seed should fall on a field of snow you could scarcely observe it, but in an hour there would appear a large red spot, and when the day was done it would seem as if the bloody battle had been fought by unseen armies.

Such is the nature of sin. The moment it enters the human heart it commences to spread, till, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, its dark stain defiles God's fair creation.

LOST TREASURES.

Traditions of the Cocos Islands.

Half a dozen expeditions have been fitted out at great cost, within the past twenty years, to search for buried gold among the Cocos Islands, which lie out in the Pacific some five hundred miles west of Panama. Somewhere in this group there is supposed to be hidden sixty million dollars' worth of gold, silver and precious stones. The story is that in 1835, when the Peruvian city of Lima was threatened by an insurgent army, its rich citizens put their valuables on board a Nova Scotian bark, the Mary Dyer, and sent them to the remote islets of Cocos for safe keeping. The owners never recovered their hidden wealth.

Lost Treasures Near New York.

Nearer home, on Esopus Island, in the Hudson, lies a cache of sixteen million dollars in Spanish doubloons, buried there by Captain Kidd—if local tradition is to be believed. However, as local tradition is divided as to whether Satan himself did not fly away with the six great iron pots containing the treasure the last time that gold-hunters ventured



PURITY

My Dear Comrade

I hope I shall not be turning to the question of the subject is so important to the wide, wide world. Holiness has to us in the past, much greater a blessing than I feel that it is. You must see its meaning. If you joyment of the peace, holiness, it is, possibly some mistaken notion of the ability of the devil, this, as on many a proportion to his Can I better make meant by purity?

You will remember I tried to show you did not mean a heart not, be tempted; or be called to suffer of whose heart all could not sin, or state of experience not be able to give charity, and in all Spirit.

What, then, is a pure heart? Is a heart by the Holy Spirit to please God in all its powers, and Where this experience may be said that pure, even as He is.

But here I may "Does not God give us liverance from sin? Does He not save us holy at the same time?" No, I reply is done for the soul.

to hunt for it, it has not been considered worth while to organize another expedition.

A famous treasure ship went down at New York's very door when the British frigate *Husar*, which was said to have been bringing gold to the soldiers fighting over here, sank in the East River during the Revolutionary War. Unfortunately it is not quite clear whether her precious cargo was still aboard when she sank. Some of those who have sought it unsuccessfully think she may have sent all or most of the money ashore before she was wrecked.

THE OPIUM CURSE.

The late Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, speaking at a missionary conference in London some years ago, said:

"There are those who imagine that because China is growing opium herself, we are therefore released from responsibility. In my judgment we are responsible for every acre of Chinese soil engaged in the cultivation of the poppy, because we have left the Chinese no alternative. They have appealed to the moral sense and rectitude of England in vain. They have appealed to every sentiment that was likely in their estimation to move a professedly Christian people, in vain; and they have come to the conclusion that England has no conscience, that England has no pity, and that the only way to move it is to put the profit of evil-doing beyond its reach by producing the drug at home until the pressure of England is removed."

The HIGHWAY to HOLINESS

PURITY MEANS DELIVERANCE.

By The General.

My Dear Comrades,—

I hope I shall not weary you by again returning to the question of a pure heart. The subject is so important to the whole Christian church, to the entire Salvation Army—nay, to the wide, wide world—that it must be lifted up. Holiness has been so great a blessing to us in the past, and will, I am sure, be so much greater a blessing to us in the future, that I feel that it must be brought to the front. You must see its value and understand its meaning. If you are not living in the enjoyment of the peace, power and gladness of holiness, it is, possibly, because you entertain some mistaken notions respecting it. The ability of the devil to lead people astray on this, as on many other questions, is largely in proportion to his power to deceive them. Can I better make you understand what is meant by purity of heart?

You will remember that in my last letter I tried to show you that by a pure heart we did not mean a heart that could not, or would not, be tempted; or could not, or would not, be called to suffer; nor that the soldier out of whose heart all impurity had been expelled could not sin, or would have reached such a state of experience beyond which he would not be able to grow in faith, and hope and charity, and in all the graces of the Holy Spirit.

What, then, is a pure heart? I reply that a pure heart is a heart that has been cleansed by the Holy Spirit from all sin, and enabled to please God in all it does; to love Him with all its powers, and its neighbor as itself. Where this experience is enjoyed by anyone it may be said that God has made the heart pure, even as He is pure.

But here I may be asked the question: "Does not God bestow this wonderful deliverance from sin on the soul at conversion? Does He not sanctify and make it good and holy at the same time that He pardons its sins?" No, I reply; although a great work is done for the soul at conversion, its deliver-

ance from sin at that time is not complete.

It is true that He does a great deal for a man when He makes that remarkable change. He destroys the bondage in which sin holds the transgressor; but the destruction of sin out of the heart and out of the life is not entire. Here let me try and show you the difference in the purification that comes to a man when he is fully cleansed. I will do this by setting forth the three different states into which the soul can come with respect to sin:

1. Before a man or a woman is converted, some particular sin is master of the soul. That is, some unlawful appetite or selfish passion always rules the individual, and makes him act as it dictates.

What do I mean by sin being the master? I answer that the unconverted soul is held by it in a bondage from which it cannot get away. It has no choice. It is under its power. It must sin. The soul may have light to see its evil and ruinous character. It may hate it, struggle against it, make resolutions never to do it again. But it is driven by its own nature to do the things that it does not want to do; and is prevented from doing the things that it wishes to do, often, as the apostle describes, crying out in bitterness of spirit, as it struggles and fights with it, "Oh, wretched man that I am; who can deliver me from this wretched condition of slavery that is worse than death?"

This is the experience of every unsaved man and woman; at least to every one who has light to see what an evil thing sin is. It is true that the character of the mastering sin will differ in different persons. In some persons the governing evil may be something that is looked upon by the world as vulgar, such as drunkenness, or lust, or dishonesty, or gambling, or some other evil passion that has got hold of the sinner, and from which he cannot get away, and for which every precious thing on earth and in heaven is sacrificed. In other cases, it may be some sin that is not so much despised by what is called the respectable part of the community, such as pride, ambition, selfishness, heart infidelity, or the like. But, in some form or other, sin

rules in the heart of every ungodly man. He is mastered by sin.

2. Now let us look at the second state into which a man can come with respect to sin. When he is saved, not only does he receive pardon for sin, but deliverance from its bondage. The yoke is broken, the fetters are snapped, the prison doors are open, he is free! Instead of sin being his master, he is the master of sin. Instead of drink, or temper, or money-worship, or worldly pleasure, or some other devilish thing driving him down the broad way to destruction, against his judgment, against his own wishes, against the strivings of the Spirit, he is made free to do the will of God and climb the narrow way to heaven.

But, great and glorious as is the change wrought in the heart at conversion, maybe deliverance is not complete. The power of sin is broken, but there are still evil tendencies left in the soul. There are what the apostle terms "the roots of bitterness." These ordinarily grow and increase in power, involving the soul in constant conflict, and, as the time goes by, they often gain the mastery, and as a result there is much sinning and repenting.

3. Then comes the third state. The result of this conflict, hating these internal evils, weeping over the pride and malice and envy and selfishness that the soul still finds within, it rises up and cries out—

"Tell me what to do to be pure

In the sight of the all-seeing eyes?

Tell me, is there no thorough cure,

No escape from the sins I despise?

Tell me, can I never be free

From the terrible bondage within?

Is there no deliverance for me?

Must I always have sin dwell within?"

To this question God sends the answer back: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My commandments and do them." "All things are possible to him that believeth." Then the soul believes, the sanctifying spirit falls, and the third stage is reached—which is salvation from all sin.

In the first stage the soul is under sin.

In the second stage the soul is over sin.

In the third stage the soul is without sin.

In which stage are you, my comrades? Settle it for yourselves. Have you got a pure heart? Examine yourselves. What is your reply?

Some of you in describing your experience can adopt the words of the apostle, with a little variation, and say: The very God of peace has sanctified me wholly; and He preserves my whole spirit and soul and body blameless, and He will continue to do so unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that has called me to this experience of purity, who also will do it."

All glory to God, my comrades. Give Him all the praise. Be careful to "walk in the light, as He is in the light," then shall you have fellowship with Him, and with other sanctified souls, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, shall keep you cleansed from all sin. In which case He will use you to promote His glory, make you useful, and show you still greater things.

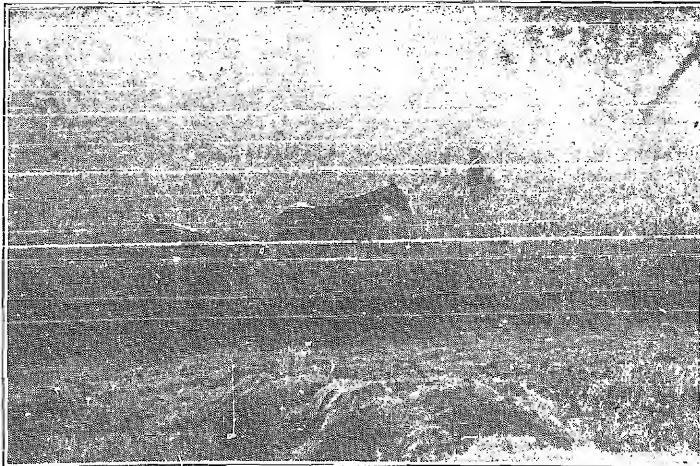
To those who know that they do not possess a pure heart, I put this question: Will you have it now?

God is waiting to cleanse you. What doth hinder your receiving the purifying baptism? "Now is the accepted time." Tell God that all the doubtful things shall be given up, and then go down before Him singing while you kneel—

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BOOTH.



Flex Field, District of Regina.

THE WAR CRY.

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Appointments—

ENSIGN LAWS to Bracebridge.
ENSIGN CARTER to Fredericton.
ENSIGN CHARLTON to Wetaskewin.
ENSIGN JAMIESON to Women's Social Department, Territorial Headquarters.
ENSIGN LEMON to General Secretary's Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Marriage—

Capt. Urquhart, who came out from New Glasgow, N.S., 9.11.99, to Lieut. Mary Selig, who came out from Halifax I., 5.2.04, at Halifax I., by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, on Aug. 4th, 1905.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The principle of giving thanks to God for the great climax of His earthly blessings, as seen in the harvest of the field and the flock, has been recognized at all ages. Two thousand years ago the Israelites brought their gifts to the Temple at Jerusalem; to-day we bring our gifts to our temples which we rear everywhere, for where we live there is our Jerusalem. Harvest Festival has come and gone for some years now as a recognized institution of the Salvation Army, and the fund raised by this effort has been of untold blessing to the work and the officers in this Territory. Its aim is well understood and therefore we hope that, as the Self-Denial fund has exceeded all previous records, the Harvest Festival Fund may be a total eclipse visible all over the Dominion.

A THANKFUL SPIRIT.

We cannot too frequently emphasize the need of a thankful spirit. A ready recognition of the goodness of God and His incessant blessings must be the foundation of true happiness. It is the great source of strength, of health, and of progress. Let us preach it, and act it, day by day. No Gospel is so penetrating, so attractive, and so captivating as the Gospel of gratitude, for it begets joy and kills hatred. Let us joyfully give thanks.

THE ST. LOUIS MOBBING.

St. Louis has been known as a very desirable residential suburb of Montreal in the past. It was doubtless a great surprise to many of its residents that there could be gathered such a disorderly mob within its precincts as attacked the few Salvationists, men and women, who began to hold meetings there. It was doubtless believed by many that the days of twenty years ago were over—in Canada at any rate. We deeply regret that the occurrence took place, but feel certain, now that the authorities understand their responsibilities, they will promptly suppress anything that would bring discredit upon their town.

We can only praise the wise moderation of our 300 sympathizers who formed themselves into such an effectual guard, and who doubtless saved our comrades from further injuries. Let us all pray that God may use this persecution to His glory in the salvation of our persecutors.

COMMISSIONER HIGGINS' NEW APPOINTMENT.

An International Traveling Commissioner.

The General has appointed Commissioner Edward Higgins, who, it will be remembered, has recently returned from India, where he held the position of Resident Secretary for nine years, to be an International Traveling Commissioner attached to the International Headquarters Staff.

The Commissioner is one of the Army's most extensive travelers, having already visited South America, the West Indies, South Africa, India, and Ceylon, and many of the countries of the Continent of Europe, in the discharge of his official duties in the past.

He has just started for South Africa, where he will conduct an extensive tour of inspection of our work amongst both the white and colored population. Associated with the work of inspection, the Commissioner will conduct special campaigns at many of the corps, as well as meet the officers and soldiers in council.

He will remain in the country for some months, and will represent the General and the Chief of the Staff at the Annual Congress which will be held in Cape Town at about Christmas time.

Not One Day Has He Forgotten Us!

SLOW ADMINISTRATION.

Staff-Capt. Brouwer's letter of application to hold open-air and indoor meetings in Java was answered after an interval of five years. The reply stipulated that he must "abstain from all public demonstrations"; but during that period he had been blazing away in market-places and public thoroughfares without let or hindrance.

My First Meeting as an Officer.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

MY mind was considerably relieved as regards responsibility by the confident expectation that my superior officer would conduct it.

"Of course," thought I, "he will install me, and all that will be required of me will be simply to give out the songs, offer a prayer, and possibly add a few words of testimony!"

So I was blissfully at rest upon the subject. Imagine my dismay when I learned, almost at the last moment, that he was detained unavoidably by important business, and that the whole function would have to be discharged by myself—alone!

The very thought made me tremble! It was a cross, and one I was obliged to shoulder.

Everything was strange. Newly arrived at the boarding-house, I knew no one as yet, and rooms, customs—in fact, every detail of life—seemed to combine to make me feel I was indeed in a new world!

But I knew to whom to address myself. Shutting the door of my little room, oh, how I poured out my very heart to God.

There were tears in my voice—aye, and truth to tell, tears in my eyes also. I trembled at the thought of such tremendous re-

The Commissioner AT WINNIPEG.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs Receive Warm Welcome—Splendid Procession—Commissioner Speaks from War Chariot at City Hall—Immense Crowds in Dominion Theatre—Twenty Souls.

(By Wire.)

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' Western Campaign is a pronounced success. At Port Arthur our leaders received a civic welcome in the Presbyterian Church. The Commissioner gave an inspiring address on the Army's work. On the following day the stone-laying ceremony of our new hall, by Mayor Vigars, took place. Commissioner again spoke to a large audience in the open-air. Rev. Mr. Walker (Methodist) eulogized the Army for its glorious work.

Port William was not behind in its welcome in the beautiful new Town Hall. Mayor Rutledge presided.

The Winnipeg welcome was most enthusiastic. The splendid march was witnessed by thousands of people. Commissioner from war chariot spoke to a vast assembly outside the City Hall. The largest crowd which ever gathered for Sunday morning welcomed our leaders. The Chief Secretary shared with the Commissioner in a tremendous welcome, and was swallowed wholesale by the western troops. In the Dominion Theatre immense crowds gathered, including the Premier and leading citizens, while at night the place was gorged and great numbers were turned away. Meetings were full of the Spirit's influence. Scores of men were cut to the heart by the Commissioner's graphic description of sin and its effects. The Citadel was filled on Monday night. The Commissioner was at his best and piloted the meeting in magnificent style. The penitent form was filled. For the campaign thus far there have been seventy surrenders. Brigadier Burditt is jubilant.

Colonel Kyle called at Sault Ste. Marie en route, and conducted a rousing meeting. He received a very warm welcome.

The Northwest Harvest Festival will be all right. The P. O. and troops are determined to reach their target. Lieut. Colonel Pugmire.

responsibility, but once more casting myself upon God I sallied forth, weak and trembling. If I had quailed with nervousness before, doubly did I do so when I stood before my audience face to face.

It was a good congregation from the standpoint of numbers. Mostly grown-up and middle-aged persons, many of whom had come on purpose to participate in this special service.

I cannot recall at this date what song we sang, or what was said, but my text is well graven in memory's record.

It was characteristic, but weighty—"Time is short!"

I guess the talk was also short, anyway, shorter than usual on similar occasions. But, oh, how unspeakably thankful to God was I that in this first meeting He deigned to seal my poor efforts, not only by turning the hearts of the dear people towards me, but more still for graciously bringing one soul into the light of salvation.

It was but a beginning 'tis true, but, praise God, it proved the way as such to many bright, glorious meetings wherein I have seen His power exerted to save hundreds, yea, even thousands of precious souls.

To Him be all the glory!

THE WIDE-AWAKE WEST!

WITH THE COMMISSIONER AT PORT ARTHUR AND FORT WILLIAM—
NEW ONTARIO SEEN THROUGH AUSTRALIAN EYES.

Over Lake Superior—Laying a Foundation-Stone—Mayor Presiding at the Commissioner's Meeting.

"SOO" is short for Sault Ste. Marie, a French designation, but by no means a French town; situated on the strait that separates Lake Superior from the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, it is withal an interesting and unique location. The new Chief Secretary and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire called here en route to Winnipeg. The former was, naturally, "all eyes" to take in the "sights" in what is to him a new country. The Soo has several peculiar points of interest, among which are the "ship locks," two immense locks, one on the American and the other on the Canadian side, which elevate or lower the immense ships that pass through them. Lake Superior is 20 feet higher than the Georgian Bay, hence the necessity for the descent. Rapids run under the railway bridge, where the water makes a natural descent in about one-half a mile, the white-crested, dancing waves breaking against the projecting rocks and dancing with apparent glee as they rush onward into the quiet, sequestered waters beneath. It is said that more ships pass through these canals than any other in the world; not excepting the far-famed Suez.

The Soo itself has a long straight street, and some off streets on either side, stretching away to the "bush" on one side, and the above-mentioned water on the other.

The Soo's Salvationists.

The Soo Salvationists turned out in force to welcome the new Chief Secretary and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire—whose name is as the proverbial "household word" in Canada. A band that woke the chilly echoes of the pine forest, and a vigorous lot of young men who sang lustily and testily with no uncertain sound to the beauty and blessedness of saving grace. Capt. and Mrs. Wadge, with the braves from the "other side," were there, and Ensign Ritchie was in his element.

The inside meeting was presided over by Mr. Smith, M.P.P., of the Soo Express, who showed himself conversant with the Army's work in the town and elsewhere. The early days in Canada and the General's magnetic personality formed the subject of his remarks.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle, was the "welcomed" and consequently honored guest, although Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, strange to say, had not been in the Soo before, and came in for a good deal of glad and welcome recognition. God came very near in the prayer meeting and a good deal of blessing resulted. Eighteen sought the blessing of a clean heart and some the forgiveness of sins. Quite a number offered for officership—several may form the nucleus of a Corps-Cadet Brigade. The wind-up was free, happy and glorious. One man, a backslider for twenty years—too bad for God to save, according to his own version—knelt and claimed forgiveness. The prospects are very good for the Soo, Ont., under Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie.

A visit to Soo, Mich., revealed the fact that Capt. and Mrs. Wadge are putting up a brave fight against heavy odds.

"Across Superior."

All things, pleasant or otherwise, have an end, and so it came to pass that we found ourselves aboard the Alberta, en route for Port Arthur—a name well known to fame.

The journey across Lake Superior was peaceful in the extreme, not a relic of the Saturday's storm being seen. It seemed incredible that this placid lake, as calm as the proverbial "mill pond," a few hours before, had been lashed into tremendous fury, inasmuch that several wrecks and the loss of twenty

lives had been occasioned; yet so it was. This slumbering giant lake—the largest inland sea in the world, a thousand feet deep—how treacherous and capable of sudden evil; all things are truly not as they seem.

The Alberta never rocked, or even moved from the perpendicular for one moment, much to the travelers' delight.

It is a peculiar sensation to sail over the surface of this huge lake, apparently at sea, no land in sight, water everywhere, even seagulls following in the wake to complete the delusion, yet to know that the water underneath is fresh and the circumference landlocked.

Port Arthur.

Nothing to break the monotony happened until Port Arthur hove in sight, and the sleepy Alberta crawled lazily past the "Sleeping Giant" as though fearful of waking the rocky monster, full of supernatural concern to the Indians of pre-civilized ages, through the extemporized breakwater and up to the wharf.

A monument of no mean import stands sentinel on the shore close to the entrance—the huge grain elevator, said to be the largest in the world, with a capacity of

7,000,000 Bushels.

This is only one of many others.

Brigadier Burditt, Ensign and Mrs. Lacey, with Capt. and Mrs. Forsberg, were full of pleasure to welcome us.

Port Arthur and Fort William are twin cities—five miles separate them, the distance being annihilated by electricity and the up-to-date car. Both are boom towns, and are vying with each other for first place. In the bright sunlight and blue skies that prevailed, the former appeared by no means void of scenic attractiveness—what it would be under a leaden sky and drenched streets we cannot anticipate. The boom spirit has Port Arthur in its grasp, houses are springing up everywhere, land is obtainable in certain localities—well, for money. The municipal valuations have gone up to over five million dollars; the street cars, lighting, telephone and water service are all, either in whole or part, installed and owned by the municipality. Veritable mansions exist or are in course of erection on the heights, and the sanguine among the citizens declare that Port Arthur has a great future.

A run over to Fort William, and a visit to one of the gigantic grain elevators, revealed the secret spring of the anticipations for both cities. The facilities for handling the probable harvest of one hundred million bushels of grain, estimated as the yield for 1905, are wonderful. In the elevators we visited 45,000 bushels an hour is the capacity. The cars laden with their golden freight pass into the building on to huge gratings, mechanical scoops are utilized to empty them into the chamber beneath, traveling belts catch it as it falls and convey it into a perpendicular belt covered with buckets traveling upward at the rate of 200 feet per minute, to the top floor, 180 feet high. Here it is emptied onto other belts, thence into a receiver, where, by a simple contrivance, it is weighed, and being released is sent forward on other traveling belts to huge iron circular vaults 30 ft. wide and 90 ft. high, made of ½-inch steel. These are numerous, and contain millions of bushels of wheat.

Other machinery in the elevators separate the wheat from the chaff, the oats from the wheat, and other seeds, with a care that gives the idea of some living intelligence.

The Commissioner Arrives.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs were due to arrive at 6.25 p.m., and needless to say all were delighted to see them. The train

from the east was overcrowded with harvesters, bound west to the busy fields of Manitoba, Alberta, and other Provinces and Territories.

The first meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, His Worship the Mayor presiding. Brigadier Burditt opened the proceedings, lined out the song and introduced the chairman. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire sang and endeavored to shake everyone loose. The Mayor, Mr. Vigers, a genial gentleman, "broke ice" with a neat little speech, laudatory of the Army's work, remarking, of his own knowledge, the number of people in the churches who owe their conversion to the efforts of the Salvation Army, and saying, further, how much the Army is respected in Port Arthur. The Chief Secretary spoke a few words on the sin of the age, "God-Forgetfulness," and begged the people to give God His place in the home and the business circle, and emphasizing the fact that the day would come when they would want the friendship of the living God.

The Commissioner, in the first instance, thanked the Presbyterian minister, who was seated upon the platform, for the use of the church, and then proceeded to outline a few bright and racy incidents concerning the past and present of the Army. Humorous sketches of early-day events, graphically described, were much relished, and were at the same time instructive and full of happy interest. The address wound up with a personal note—the importance of the soul and its immediate welfare. Among those who gave evidence of a desire to be saved was one man, a backslider of years' standing, whose curse had been strong drink. He sought the power of Christ—his only hope of deliverance. This ended an influential and much-appreciated meeting.

The Commissioner Motoring.

His Worship the Mayor, anxious to do honor to his distinguished visitors, suggested that the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs see the town per automobile—a happy suggestion, saving time and giving additional pleasure. Mrs. Coombs could not go, so the Chief Secretary accompanied the Commissioner. A run out on Dawson's Road, through a pretty avenue of trees, to the farms to show the possibilities of the back country, thence to the new Methodist Church now in course of erection, an excellent structure. Up one street and down another at express speed, and on to the Japanese Garden, a pretty location, artistically laid out by one of Port Arthur's prominent citizens for the benefit of the public. A run up to the Riverside Cemetery and back again completed an enjoyable visit. Needless to say, the Mayor is an enthusiast on the present and future possibilities of the town.

The Stone-Laying.

The town will soon have a new hall. Ensign Lacey is in charge of the erection, and is on for hustling it through in record time. The Mayor was announced to lay the "corner block" and the Commissioner to preside. It was a lovely afternoon, positively delightful, which no doubt helped to induce the gathering together of a goodly open-air congregation.

The Commissioner piloted the proceedings very happily. The Chief Secretary read a Scriptural portion, aptly chosen, before the former made an explanation of the significance of the occasion and spoke of the Army's progress. A happy speech set every one at their ease and arrested the passer-by, until the street was blocked with vehicles, drivers being as anxious to hear as pedestrians the good news.

On the platform was the Mayor, the Rev. Mr. Walker (Methodist minister), Mrs. Spilford and Mrs. Wilson (who had kindly undertaken to billet the visitors), and others. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire favored the crowd with some taking sales.

The preparation for the ceremony was watched with great interest. A long can was provided, into which was inserted a War Cry, a daily paper, several coins, a photograph of the General, and a paper signed by all the

(Continued on page 13.)

FIELD BULLETINS

Newfoundland.

Welcome of New Provincial Officer—Candidates' Sunday a Blessing—Souls and Soldiers at the Outposts—D. O's on the Warpath—Carbonear Had 17 Souls—The Chancellor at St. John's Hill, and Exploit.

Revival Fire Burning.

St. John's Hill.—The Lord was specially with us on Sunday, Aug. 20th. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris came to give us a lift. The weather was extremely warm. But a good day's fight was fought. Crowds unusually large around open-airs. At night our hall was filled nigh to suffocation and crowds turned away from the doors unable to gain admittance. The revival fire burned brightly. Five souls found salvation. Lieut. Spencer, in absence of Capt. Ridout, jubilant.—C.

One Wanderer Returned.

Jackson's Cove.—After toiling hard all day on Sunday, God blessed our efforts by saving one soul (a sister). She had been a wanderer for some months but promised to be true to God and meet her mother, who passed away a few months ago, in heaven. Many more are convicted, but went away saying, "Not to-night."—Lieut. Shears.

Two Precious Souls.

Gooseberry Island.—Since last report we have been honored by a visit of three days from our worthy D. O's wife, Mrs. Adj. Hiscock. On Saturday night a special meeting was given by the juniors, consisting of a service of song, also Bible songs and a drill, after which Mrs. Hiscock gave a very heart-touching talk. The audience was greatly impressed by the service, and one girl rose from her seat and volunteered for the mercy seat. We had a glorious time. All day on Sunday God in a special manner poured out His Spirit, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls won for the Master. We all appreciated the visit of Mrs. Adj. Hiscock. Come again soon.—Lieut. Ross, for Capt. Sainsbury.

Seventeen Forward in Two Weeks.

Carbonear.—During the past two weeks God has helped us in a marvelous way. Ten seniors and seven juniors have kept their way to the cross, and still many more are living in the Valley of Decision. Oh, what a time we look forward to. Confessors are in the best fighting trim. On Sunday last one of our sisters prayed and sang until she had to be taken from the platform until she fainted. The devil tried hard to defeat us, but God gave us victory and six more souls came forward. At the present time Carbonear can report one hundred and eleven soldiers, with only the small population of 2,700, and still we are going on to claim more souls for God.—Young Sea Foam.

The Chancellor's Visit.

Exploit.—We are still on the warpath doing our best for God and souls. We have been favored by a visit from our new Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Morris. We were somewhat disappointed at not seeing our P. O. Major Creighton, who had to return to St. John's before he reached our corps. We wish him God-speed. We enjoyed the Staff-Captain's visit very much. The meeting was announced as a musical meeting, and we had a good time. We can assure the Staff-Captain that he will get a hearty welcome to Exploit when he comes again.—Observer.

An Enrolment.

Whitbourne.—We had an enrolment since last report: two comrades stood forward, one of whom I referred to in my last report, and the other was a new convert. We thank the members of the Methodist Church for the kind loan of the school. We had a splendid time, and believing for better things and brighter victories.—W. Gosse.

Three Candidates on Sunday.

Greenspond.—We are still fighting for God. Candidates' Sunday was a day when the presence of the Master was felt. All our meetings were based on the great need of being obedient and willing to



Capt. McAmmond and Cadet Hazleton, Hillsboro, N.E.

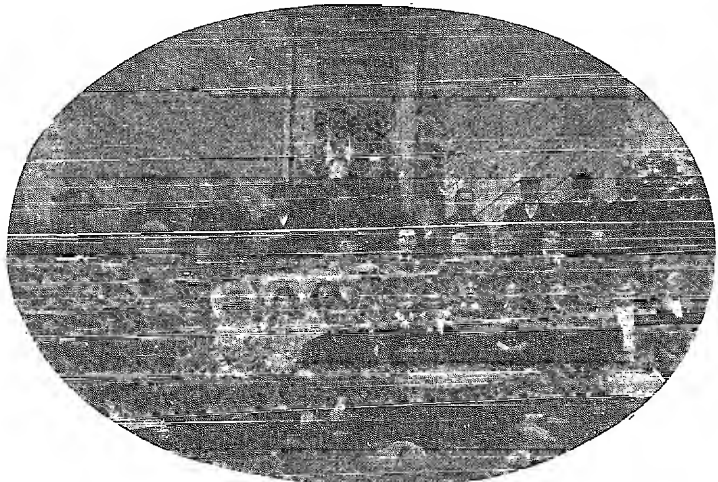
walk in the path of duty. His blessed truths were dealt with in an able way, and God revealed Himself to each. At the evening service the Adjutant spoke from Matthew ix. 37-38, and many tears were shed. Here was the test. When the meeting was thrown open for those who were willing to consecrate themselves to God and the Army, and as we sang with eyes closed and hands raised "Here I give my all to Thee," etc., three stepped forward and gave themselves wholly to His service. May God bless the sacrifice and crown it with many souls.—K. F.

D. O's Visit.

Fortune.—On Friday night we were favored with a visit from our D. O's, Adj. and Mrs. Sparks, also Capt. Baynton. The people enjoyed the Adjutant's singing and playing. Capt. Baynton sang "I'll be a true soldier, I'll die at my post." Mrs. Sparks spoke from Luke and urged the people to return to the fold. We had a very blessed time altogether.—B. Burry, Capt.

Three at the Outpost.

Triton.—Sunday was a good day to us all. Knee-drill, at 7 a.m., a time of blessing, also the holiness meeting. In the afternoon we went to Dark Tickle.



Wabana Mines, Bell Island Corps.

the outpost. Meeting held in the Methodist Church, kindly put at our disposal. God came very near. The night meeting was the best. Soldiers held on determinedly in the prayer meeting. Rejoiced over three souls who found pardon. We have with us Lieut. J. Winsor, who is resting. We are glad to see him and pray he may soon be restored to health again.—L. Hobbitch, Capt.

Alone, Yet Not Forsaken.

Southern Bay.—It's some time since you heard from this part of the battlefield, but, praise God, the work is still going on. The death angel has visited our corps and has taken from us a sister, Mrs. John Fry, who has been on the road to the better land for some years. She has been a soldier for seven years. We have the glowing hope that we shall meet with her again if we are faithful. Our sister left a husband and eight children to mourn their loss. Capt. French conducted the funeral service. Many were under deep conviction, and at night three backsliders returned. Although it seems as if we were in the darkest corner of the vineyard, best of all we can say, "With Christ in the vessel we can smile at the storm." Things are a bit dull on account of all the men having gone to the fishery, yet we are doing our very best. We are waiting their return and hilling for a wonderful tearing down of the devil's kingdom.—Mrs. John A. B. Matthews.

Fighting and Believing.

Neepawa.—It has been quite a long time since you have heard from this part of the battlefield, nevertheless, we are in the thick of the fight. Your humble servant and Capt. Hall, who has just been here a while, have been putting up a good fight for Jesus. Many of the enemy's ranks have been wounded, but not slain. We are believing to take many prisoners before long. Our soldiers are of the fighting kind, and with the aid of Jesus Christ, we are going to win the day.—J. W. Plester, Lieut.

Training Home Province

Lippincott Struck a Copper Mine—Feversham Still on Fire—Old Officers Invade Hamilton.

"Old Timers" Leading.

Hamilton II.—On Thursday Mrs. Smith (nee Lieut. Gibbs) led us forth in true and characteristic style with a "slummers' drama." Barracks packed, and a most hearty invitation to repeat. We're believing. On Monday Sisters Moore and Curry, with forty years' Salvation warfare between them, led the meeting. Old style, old-time songs, old-fashioned people, blood-and-fire methods set the meeting on the boil, warmed our hearts, stirred us up, and set the devil a wondering. I know he (the devil) does not like old-timers, such as "We ain't got weary yet." We're having victory.—Thistle.

The P. O. Visited Them.

Feversham.—Still on fire. Brigadier Taylor was with us for week-end. The weather was ideal, thus giving us good opportunities. Good crowds on Sunday night. The Brigadier gave a good heart to heart talk, but no one yielded. We are still hilling.

ing. The new Lieutenant arrived safely, and we expect to see things boom.—H. J. W. and R. W.

Revival Meetings.

Lippincott.—We are having a series of revival services at the corps now, led by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean. The open-air services are bright and lively and attract good crowds. Capt. Briston, lately from Winnipeg, comes along sometimes to give us a "whoop up," as he says. In the holiness meeting on Sunday morning one brother came out for sanctification. In the evening he came again and brought his wife with him, and gave a glowing testimony as to the Lord's dealings with his soul. Two sisters also came forward for the same blessing. It was a farewell day for three Candidates from the corps—Bro. Clark and Sisters Irwin and Froudlow. May God bless them and make them very useful in His vineyard. The open-air in Queen's Park was well attended, and though our band was away specialising at St. Catharines, we had a bright meeting, an interested audience, and a good collection. Our two collectors met with opposite results—one struck a two-dollar bill donation, and as the Staff-Captain remarked, the other must have struck a copper mine. A trombone duet by Adj. Knight and one of the bandmen who stayed at home, was much appreciated, and also the favorite song of the Staff-Captain's, "Tell mother I'll be there." We are hoping to see much good result from the special services, and pray that God will stir up the people, and that many souls will be saved.—S. A. Church.

Band of Love Workers.

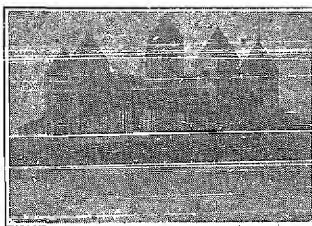
London.—One of the most important branches of the corps here in this city is the Band of Love. It has made some splendid advances this last year. Under Sergt.-Major Mrs. Hartie. The Sergeant-Major has got a good band of workers (Sergeants and Adj. Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are also members of the Band of Love, so with the united efforts of the whole force advance has been made. Sergeant-Major is a hunter. Major Rawlings's smiling face is to be seen among them. We expect greater victories.

British Columbia.

The Three Coast Cities Report—Moving Pictures
There—Victoria is Also Moving—Westminster
Has Good Times.

"Victory" Their Motto.

New Westminster.—We had a visit from Captain Parker, with the moving pictures; also we had with us Mrs. Adj. Gosling. On Sunday last we had a rousing, old-fashioned, red-hot salvation time and



Agricultural Building, Dominion Exhibition, New Westminster, B.C.

God was very near us in Spirit. One of our comrades volunteered for God and last dying souls of men and women. Sunday afternoon we had a full meeting. God is giving us souls here, and many are under deep conviction. Our band boys are doing well. Watch and pray and God will answer.—Shamrock.

Vancouver Notes.

Vancouver.—Today has been present with us, especially last Sunday night, when two wanderers came to the mercy seat and found salvation. We have had with us Capt. Parker, who was converted in this corps three years ago, but now preparing to go north for work among the Indians. We believe that God will make him a blessing wherever he may go. We also have had with us Capt. Dunlop, from Dawson, and Capt. McDonald, from the United States. They have both assisted nobly and well with our meetings. The comrades are all in the highest life, and we are determined to get all the devil and give him no quarter. Our motto is "Vancouver for God."—The Fighting Parson.

Things Happening.

Victoria.—We have recently been favored with four days' special meetings by Capt. Parker. He was formerly of this city, and one of the boys. We were delighted to have him amongst us again. We had large open-air meetings. However, Tuesday evening was the climax, when a splendid crowd assembled in the barracks to see the far-famed moving pictures. The people were not disappointed, but expressed themselves as well pleased with the entire program. The animated pictures were well worth \$1, instead of only 25c. Ensign Wilson and Lieut. Davidson are working hard for the salvation of the lost.—W. H. Shillinglaw, Treas.

The East.

Many Old Friends Call at Parrsboro—Charlottetown
Saw—New Lantern Service—Colonel Sharp
and Musical Troupe Out.

Officers Go and Come.

Parrsboro.—The fire of God's love still burns, and in trying to bless others we find ourselves blessed. Two souls (mother and daughter) have been to the cross since our last report. Our officers have farewells or farewells. In Capt. and Mrs. Hogan are losing tried and true friends. Deep regret is expressed that they are going so soon. God bless them in their new field of labor. On the other side also farewells for the Garrison, so it is good-bye all around. Adj. Hughes, of Buffalo, N.Y., has been home resting. He is one

of the earliest converts of our corps, when the Army opened fire here over eighteen years ago. He preached Sunday night, and the crowds were immense, and the finances more than double of what they generally are. It takes the Adjutant to ask for an offering, and see that he gets it, too. Our old friend, Ensign Campbell, has been with us with his lantern. The service was enjoyed by all. The people of Parrsboro think the Ensign is fine—"the right man in the right place," is the general expression.—Max, Reg. Cor.

No Lack of Specials.

Sidney.—The visit of Ensign Campbell, the new T. F. S. for this Province, is now a thing of the past. The Ensign's illustrated lecture delighted the crowd present. Staff-Capt. Hoffman and Capt. Perry have also come and gone again. The Staff-Captain gave statistics of the Halifax Home and appealed for assistance, and the people responded gladly, while her aide-de-camp sang some of her charming solos. Adj. Creighton, the renowned "Mosie" Jones, and the New Aberdeen band paid us a visit during Carnival Week. Hundreds of visitors thronged the streets all week, and our open-air meetings were considerably helped. H. P. is now the order of the day and the decks are cleared for action. A feeling of victory is in the air. More anon.—N. Richard Trickey, Ensign.

Not the Kind that Sleeps.

Clark's Harbor.—Hello, what's the matter with the people of Clark's Harbor. Are they asleep? I guess not; the people of Clark's Harbor are all right; we are not the kind that go to sleep. We had a visit from our worthy P. O., Colonel Sharp, and the musical troupe. My, you should have seen the people flock to hear them play and sing. One man said he would stay in the hall all night and listen to them. He never heard the like. Others said to keep them a week. Best they ever heard. The last night they were with us God came very near and saved three precious backsliders. Praise His dear name. Our H. P. is upon us and we are in for getting our target. Our motto is "Forward." Come again, Colonel and troupe.—A Looker-on.

Things seen and heard.

Charlottetown.—I saw Staff-Capt. Ellis, who has been absent for seventeen years, lead an open-air meeting on the Market Square.

I heard the banders remark that his talk was as full of fire and zeal as ever.

I heard him say that after thirty years' experience as a Christian, he had plenty of time to prove the reality of God's salvation.

I also saw Secretary M. P. Ellis in the open-air meeting—the first for over four years, sickness having kept her away.

I saw the people's faces beam with appreciation when she gave her testimony in the open-air.

I heard Staff-Capt. Ellis lead the meetings on Sunday, commencing at the early knee-drill, when one soul came to Jesus.

I saw a number of new and old faces at the meeting Sunday night, who came to see and hear the Staff-Captain.

I also saw Ensign McEachern at the meeting. She has been trying the balmy breezes of the Gulf, hoping to receive strength thereby.

I heard Prof. W. A. Hawley had gone to Ontario to visit his relatives, and no doubt will be calling at Toronto to have a look at folks there. We shall miss him.

I heard the officers say they had received their H. P. target, and must put forth a desperate effort to get it.

My sight and hearing are growing somewhat faint, so will say. Switch off.—Jonan.

New Ontario.

The Brigadier's Tour—Many Places Visited—Souls
Saved at the Current—North Bay Expects
New Property.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

After the week-end at Orillia with the famous Tangle Band, we started for the north-west part of the Division, on what is known as the "Soo Trip." We first called at

Sturgeon Falls.

where we had a magnificent time. Capt. Chalet, who has been on furlough, was installed as the officer in charge and took some time to paraded for a furlough of two weeks before taking a other appointment. We enrolled one soldier and had the joy of seeing a dear backslider come back to her place. We have a splendid corps here, and the soldiers are in good fighting trim. At

Sudbury

Ensign Culbert is holding on alone for the present, her Lieutenant being on furlough. Our crowd was rather small here, but we had a splendid meeting, and one dear fellow, who could not pray in English, volunteered for salvation, praying in French. Jesus understood him and pardoned the past. The mail boat, Edna Ivan, was awaiting the arrival of the C.P.R. train at Cutler, and after a delightful trip across the bay we arrived at

Gore Bay

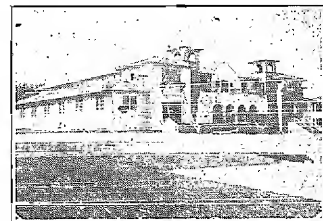
In time for a cup of tea and away to the open-air. Lieut. Peterson is holding the fort here, not only until the Captain arrives, which we hope will be at no distant date. We had a nice gathering here and a soldiers' meeting, at the close of the public meeting, at which one dear comrade who had grown cold made a complete surrender to God, and all promised to be more desperate in the salvation war than ever before.

The Northern Navigation Co's steamer, Germanic, took us to our next port of call.

Little Current.

where Capt. Meeks and Lieut. Glenville are in for victory. Already God has owned their labors and a number of people, both seniors and juniors, have got saved and are taking their stand. We are believing for an enrolment before long. We had a splendid crowd, both outdoors and in, who spoke, sang, and gave liberally in the offering. Some of our Indian comrades rendered valuable assistance in the meeting here, as well as at the outpost the next night.

We left the Current on Saturday morning by the



Machinery Building, Dominion Exhibition, New Westminster, B.C.

S.S. Iniquity for Cutler, where we once more boarded the C.P.R. train, and after a run of two hours arrived at the

Canadian Soo.

and were welcomed by Ensign Ritchie. We were soon in the open-air, hand to the front. Some music, a few testimonials, and then off to the barracks where a splendid crowd had gathered and a very enjoyable and profitable time was spent. We did the Sunday morning knee-drill on the Canadian side, the band out again for an early march at 6.45. God came and richly blessed our souls in this gathering. After breakfast we crossed to the

American Soo.

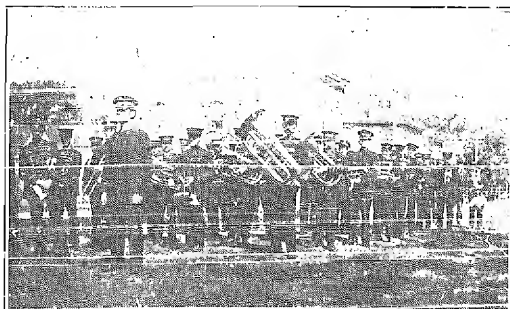
where Capt. and Mrs. Wadge are pushing the claims of God. We had three splendid meetings and immense crowds in the open-air. The Canadian band came to our assistance in the afternoon, and rendered very valuable aid indeed. This voluntary service was very much appreciated by the writer, as well as the comrades of the American corps. On Monday we finished up our campaign with a united service at the Canadian corps, and two souls for salvation.—Traveler.

New Property Scheme.

North Bay.—The visit of Ensign and Mrs. White, in the interests of the property scheme, has proved a great blessing. They conducted the week-end meetings with good results. The Ensign is a great open-air preacher, and a firm believer in the opportunities and privileges of the same. The open-air wonderfully attracted the Ensign and his talks to men must have proved a blessing, because in response they gave a large and generous collection. Meeting in the Opera House Sunday night was well attended by an appreciative audience of North Bay people. The week-end concluded with two souls for salvation and double the usual collection. All glory to God.

Eight Souls in the Current.

Little Current.—Last Sunday night we had eight souls at the mercy seat. The Rev. Mr. McKay, although tired after his day's work, came in and helped us in our after service. With united efforts we will shake the devil's kingdom and bring it down with a crash. We were favored with a visit from our B. C. Brigadier General, which proved a great blessing to us all. The open-air was an eye-opener to the Little Current citizens, and they showed their appreciation by giving a good offering. The Brigadier gave us a second night, which was spent at an outpost with profit. May God bless the Brigadier. We have also had a visit from Ensign Bloor, which was highly appreciated by both seniors and juniors.



Lippincott Band at St. Catharines.



Capt. Laura White,
Exploits, Nfld.

Welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Glover to Newfoundland.

Farewells and welcomes among Salvation Army officers have been quite in order in Newfoundland during the past year. Major Creighton's pro tem appointment lengthened out considerably, and thus we had the opportunity of allowing our affection to go out towards him, but he bade us farewell on August 17th.

We had made preparations to receive the new Provincial Officers in good, royal style, and although the train was some hours late, a large and happy group of officers, soldiers and friends were present at the station to greet them. It was an additional pleasure to see again the face of Brigadier Smeeton, whose work on the island endeared him to the people. A volley of loud hallelujahs and an amen were given forthwith in true Salvation Army style and we shook hands in a hearty manner.

Sunday Morning an exceedingly large crowd assembled at the Citadel—No. I, II, and III, corps were united. Space forbids us going into details, but we must say that it was a time when the Lord came graciously near and blessed the hearts of the people. Brigadier Smeeton received a very enthusiastic welcome, and as for Brigadier and Mrs. Glover, why the people swallowed them wholesale.

In the afternoon the Brigadier was introduced to the children by the Commissioner's representative, Brigadier Smeeton. A large crowd of young warriors met in the Springdale Street school-room, and were very happy indeed to have such prominent Army celebrities all to themselves. The Brigadier, after being introduced by Brigadier Smeeton, gave a few pages out of his life's history, much to the enjoyment and profit of all present.

A rush was then made for the Citadel. As we entered the band was playing vigorously. We were soon in a red-hot salvation meeting. We cannot mention the different events of the service. Brigadier Smeeton kept his hands ably upon the helm, and Mrs. Glover read to us a very helpful lesson from Jeremiah.

We were told not to glory in the wisdom of this world, or in any other thing, save the cross of Christ. It was a forceful, convincing appeal, which went home, backed by the Spirit of God. A word of invitation; one sister burst into tears at the end of the hall, and with

Hands Upstretched Towards Heaven

cried upon the Lord to deliver her from her sins. She then made a rush for the mercy seat, and found deliverance a few minutes later, when she rejoiced with the rest of the comrades exceedingly.

It was storming at night—one of those Newfoundland rain-storms that beats its way through ordinary apparel and drenches you to the skin. This did not, however, hinder a huge crowd assembling in the body of the Citadel, besides a multitude of faces gleaming from the gallery in the body of the hall to the platform, where were seated Brigadier Smeeton and Brigadier Glover with the soldiers. Brigadier Smeeton read a few words of welcome, and swung the meeting at once into the right channel. We had a splendid start, several officers spoke. The Chancellor and his wife rendered a pleasing duet, and Mrs. Glover made a stirring appeal to the unsaved. Brigadier Glover concluded with a searching address, basing his remarks on a verse in Revelations. We shall not soon forget his remarks, or the inspiration that came to us as well as the effective and convincing truths of the words to all present. We rejoiced exceedingly in the capture of two souls.

The Officers' Meeting.—It was a very happy little gathering at which about thirty officers came together over a cup of tea with our new Provincial Officers. Several of the comrade-officers, at the suggestion of the Commissioner's representative, took the opportunity of saying a few kind words of welcome to the new Provincial Officer, and he and his dear wife in their reply carried us back to the early days of their consecration, and how since that time God had marvelously directed them. They had come to us in the name of the Lord, anxious to bless, anxious in every sense to be all the help and inspiration to us possible. Their timely words stirred our souls, and made us eager to demonstrate our affection for them in unflinching devotion to the important work which God had given us in the ranks of the Salvation Army. The announcement that Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs intended to visit the Island this fall was received with unusual gladness.

Monday Night.

The Rain had been Coming Down in Bucket Fulls all day. We hoped before the night meeting the torrents would cease falling from the skies, but when 7.30 approached, although a monster march had been arranged, with the unfurling of banners and torch-lights numerous, we found the elements had no pity. But the soldiers of Newfoundland defied the storm, and, with band to the front, and all the officers and soldiers following, marched out in full strength. One would scarcely expect anyone to be present at the Citadel on such a stormy night, and yet a magnificent crowd assembled. It was a real happy time. Brigadier Smeeton, from the commencement, touched a very humorous vein. Songs were sung that brought to our hearts heavenly joys: some shouted and some

Danced for Gladness.

Then welcome speeches followed. Lieut. Spencer spoke for No. III, Cadet Barry represented No. II,

and Capt. Mercer had a few fitting words for No. I. Adj. Ogilvie, who had just rushed in from Bay Roberts, spoke words of welcome from the outposts. Staff-Capt. Morris then represented the District Officers and everyone in general, assuring Brigadier Glover and his dear wife that they were perfectly welcome. Then Mrs. Glover spoke to us in a very pleasing and appropriate manner, telling us of some of the struggles in crossing the great pond, and yet she had braved it all to come and labor and bless the people of Newfoundland. Brigadier Glover followed with some appropriate words, which not only gave us to understand that he was glad to be among us, but inspired our hearts and gave us cause to anticipate wonderful things for the island in the future. This very happy and profitable meeting was brought to a close by Brigadier Smeeton.

We thank God that He has been pleased to bless these welcome meetings with such a large measure of success. We thank the Commissioner for his kindness in allowing the Brigadier to favor us with his presence and put things so admirably. We bespeak for Newfoundland's future grand and glorious victories, and do not forget to give all the praise to God for His wonderful goodness.—Pry.

East Ontario and Quebec

Peterboro Has New Open-Air Tactile—Montreal Sees Souls Saved—Ensign Edwards' Visits Appreciated—Ottawa Divided with Splendid Results—Mrs. Wakefield's Health Failing.

Four Souls Saved.

Montreal IV.—This week-end was a blessed time to our souls, and after a tough fight and some real faith in God, we got the victory. Saturday night's open-air was a glorious time. Sunday we went in from early morning to pull down the strongholds of Satan, and we finished up at night with four captures.—Bandsman Ed. Towns.

Preached from His Coffin.

Montreal IV.—Sunday night Ensign Arthur Sheard was announced to preach from his coffin. The hall was jammed to the very doors, and many were unable to get in. Many were brought to think of death. The Ensign gripped the crowd right from the very start. God was near. The open-air preceding the indoor meeting at night was by far the largest yet. The street was crowded with people, and when we arrived at the barracks door two police officers were there to keep the crowd from crushing in upon us. The whole neighborhood is stirred. Finances splendid, and we finished up with three souls crying for mercy.—Lieut. J. Davis.

Peterboro's O. A. Brigades.

Great interest was manifested in all the meetings last Sunday, and a good time was experienced. The three special open-air brigades are a great success, and the soldiers take much interest in them. Every Sunday night finds salvation proclaimed from three different places in the streets by the Salvation Army in this city. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing four souls out for sanctification, and at night three more sought salvation. To God be all the glory. We are glad to see Bro. Mark Spenceley around again after his serious illness; he was at his old post of open-air collecting. Our officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond, have been taking a tour around the District. The earlier part of the week the Staff-Captain visited Port Hope, Cobourg and Millbrook. Whilst at Cobourg the officers and soldiers from Port Hope assisted him, and they had a rousing open-air. A large crowd paid great attention, God's presence being mightily felt. Afterwards a united soldiers' meeting was held, which proved a great success. The Staff-Captain returned home feeling that his tour was indeed blessed of God. On Saturday and Sunday Mrs. McAmmond visited Campbellford, which is an old battleground of hers, making the visit all the more interesting to her. All the meetings were well attended and the visit a success in every respect, souls being saved and God's people blessed and encouraged.—A. Welshman.

Farewell and Visitors.

Ottawa I.—Just a few weeks have elapsed since we welcomed Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield as our leaders, and it is with very many regrets that we have been called upon to say good-bye and Mrs. and Willie Wakefield, as they return to the West again, after so short an acquaintance with them, owing to the failing health and climate being unfavorable to Mrs.

Wakefield's health. Sunday evening's farewell meetings were a very sympathetic service. The people gave signs of a deep interest in the proceedings, many of them almost moved to tears. The officers of the family separating sang, "We'll never see good-bye in heaven," very feelingly, then Willie said good-bye. Mrs. Wakefield's Scripture lesson and farewell address was of a character to bring out sympathy, and was full of earnest pleadings on behalf of their souls' salvation. We all with one accord pray that God's healing hand shall be upon her and soon fully restore her to health. At close of service four souls sought God. Capt. Oldford has been on a short furlough and returned. Mrs. Voss, of Guelph, an old comrade of this corps at one time, has been visiting here; also Bro. Patterson, Sister Cook, and Lieut. Sailer, of Pembroke, was with us Sunday evening, and three seeking souls have been to the cross for pardon lately, and found deliverance.—French.

Three Brigades—Each Had Souls.

Ottawa I.—Divisions mostly always are hurtful to any sect or organization, but this was not the case at Ottawa I last Sunday, when the corps was divided into three sections. No. 1 section, being a large portion of the brass band, in charge of Adj. Wakefield, visited Richmond, Ont., about twenty miles from here and conducted special services during the day. Though the weather was unfavorable, they report a profitable day, with victory and six souls in the fountain. No. 2 section, composed of Randmaster Duncan and Bandsman Thomas Fellows and Wm. Smith (Treasurer) went to Cornwall on a sad but special mission, and returned with glad tidings of what they had seen in that place—souls born again through the instrumentality of an impressive funeral service. God stirred the dead in sin to call upon Him and find life. No. 3 section was led on by Adj. Hahkirk, a former C. O. of this corps, whom we all rejoiced to see, and he was enthusiastically welcomed, and was also Bro. George Granger, of Kingston. Bright, lively meetings were in progress throughout the day, full of salvation testimonies, enlivened by songs and music of banjo and mandolin. A special feature of the evening service was the farewell of Cadets Martha Webber and John Harbour for the Training Home, Toronto. They both spoke very sincerely of what they owe to God and giving their life to His service was small compared to God's dealings with them. We pray that God will bless them, and make them a mighty power. Adj. Hahkirk spoke from the Word of God and urged every soul to give heed, and at the invitation many hands were uplifted for prayer, and from among the number one young man came and yielded to God.—French.

Visited by Ensign Edwards.

Prescott.—We have just had Ensign Edwards with us for the week-end. Although the weather was unfavorable we had good crowds. Two souls sought salvation. On Monday he gave a lecture, at which a large crowd attended. It was very interesting, and the audience were delighted.—Pat and Peter.

From Our Mission Field.

Port Essington, B.C.—Once settled down in a little out-of-the-way region like this, it is not a common thing to expect specials, and even when such a thing is rumored, one has often to stop and ask, Is it a dream, or is the unexpected going to happen? This time it was neither a dream nor a fancy, but a reality. Although waiting and watching and plagued with doubts and fears for over two weeks, when the Princess Beatrice steamed into port on July 31st the burden rolled away, the doubts dispersed, the blessing came, for when we looked into the faces of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Brigadier Smeeton and Capt. Parker, and heard them speak as of old, and grasped them by the hand, we were satisfied, for we knew that spirits had not flesh and blood as they have. Notwithstanding the busy time of the season the following night (Tuesday) a good crowd turned out to welcome our leaders. The Colonel is already right into business, for after an absence of two years one can imagine there were a few things that needed his attention. Delegation after delegation waited upon him, each one with their own peculiar difficulties and troubles. Some wanted power to hold meetings in their villages, others power to march, some needed officers, and a few felt it was time they were promoted. Breakfast time, dinner time, bed time, and all other times, they came. You say, What was done? Just listen. Twelve bandmen and women were commissioned, Envoys, Serjeants, Majors, and Sergeants made, and a lot of other things, all in one meeting. On Thursday night the Colonel and Capt. Parker came to the front, with about 324 square feet of canvas, 3,000 feet of moving pictures, a big lantern, two gas tanks, and a lot of other things that I haven't any name for. What did they do? Why, they just electrified a full house. The like was never seen here before, and was pronounced the best yet. Such was the attraction that it was repeated on the following Saturday night by request. We were sorry they could not be with us longer, but grateful for the little time they spent with us, and assure them a hearty welcome whenever it is convenient to come again. God is still with us. We have the joy of reporting twenty-two souls for the past six weeks. Port Essington sends a hearty invitation to the following Commissioner to come at his earliest.—J. Gooling.



Peace Assured.

Now that the peace treaty between Russia and Japan has been signed by the plenipotentiaries of both countries, subject to the ratification of both Emperors, the butchery in the Far East has happily come to an end. The news of peace has, however, been received with greater relief and rejoicing in other countries than those directly concerned. The Japanese public at first were enraged at the fact that Russia pays no indemnity, while the Russians have, as a nation, been very much divided in their attitude toward the war, and the advocates of war feel humiliated at a peace which leaves them as the conquered party. In some of the large cities of Japan rioting took place, in which police stations, a few churches, some legation buildings, and a few foreigners suffered, but the disturbances were quelled. However, as time goes on Japan will better realize that it has gained substantially even without an indemnity.

Russian Unrest.

The great Empire is torn with internal strife and revolutionary movements, in spite of the continuous efforts from the throne to guide the ship of state safely through the breakers from the sea of autocracy to the safer haven of Constitutional Government. Strikes, insurrections and open revolt keep breaking out in the more populous centres, while the aroused suspicions of an ignorant peasantry is made use of by agitators to further their ends. Unhappy Russia needs our prayers and sympathy, that order may come out of the present chaos, and with it will come enlightenment and freedom.

Persecution of Jews.

It is regrettable that there is such a persistent persecution of the Jews in Russia, and especially regrettable is the fact that not only a misguided populace, but those in authority, and even soldiers, are taking part in it. At Kerch the atrocities committed were revolting. A despatch from the state states that "the Jew-baiters ran amuck, plundering and destroying property and burning houses in all directions. They beat all Jews—men, women, and children—until they fell, bleeding and insensible. Some of them seized the two-year-old son of a Jewish tradesman named Hirschmann and threw him into a bonfire they had made of Hirschmann's furniture; he was burned alive before the eyes of his parents. Many similar outrages are reported. After the atrocities had been proceeding some hours, sixty young Jews armed themselves with revolvers and resolved to defend the ghetto. The Governor, who had hitherto been passive, immediately summoned troops, who fired on the defenders, killing three and wounding eleven. The total Jewish casualties were six killed and over 200 injured. Six hundred were reduced to destitution." At Kishineff, at the funeral of two Jewish girls who had been killed, the crowd was shot into without provocation, and about fifty shot down. When a deputation went to see the Governor it resulted in another massacre in front of the Government House. When will this Jew-baiting end?

Famine and Tartar Rising.

To the horrors of a famine, due to a failure of the crops in twenty-two governments, which will probably make it a worse famine than that of 1891, now comes the terrible news of a Tartar uprising, which long has been planned. All the inhabitants of several Armenian villages have been massacred. The principal fighting is in Baku and Shusha, against which places the Tartars have laid a regular siege. All the immense stores of coal oil and naphtha have been set on fire, destroying many million dollars' worth of property and making a desert of a centre of industry. Troops have been despatched, but have been unable to overcome the revolt. The atrocities committed are fearful. One

thousand five hundred Armenians have been butchered by the revolting Tartar soldiery—women tortured and children dashed to pieces before their mothers' eyes. Over a thousand persons have been killed and several thousand wounded, almost exclusively Persians, Armenians and Tartars. The loss of revenue to the Government by the destruction of the oil wells, distilleries and silk factories will be about one hundred million dollars per year. It is said that there is conclusive evidence that the revolt was a Mohammedan plot to conquer the country.

Floods and Earthquakes.

Floods in the low-lying districts of China, according to a Shanghai despatch, resulted in over 10,000 deaths. Earthquakes were felt throughout Italy, causing the destruction of one town and the death of hundreds. The full extent of the damage sustained cannot yet be estimated.

The General's Motor Tour.

(Continued from page 4.)

the shape of a pelting rain, steeper hills to cover—again through the pilot's unwisdom—and a serious mistake which led to two or three of our cars entering on the wrong path to North Shields. When we at length landed there, all concerned were a pitiful appearance, besides being over an hour behind.

South Shields.

The sequel was that South Shields—our objective for the day—was reached seventy-four minutes behind the scheduled time.

Thousands of people lined the thoroughfares leading from the Tyneside, the cars being carried across the river by one of the ferry boats that ply between North and South Shields. I compute that thirty thousand people stood in the drenching rain patiently waiting the arrival of the General.

"He has done a lot for us, honey," a Tynesider said to his mate, "an' we can do something for him the day."

Another affirmed that he would not stand in the rain for the King, "but I will for that and man, William Booth."

They struck the right note, for South Shields possesses several model Salvation Army corps who, during the last winter, enlisted out of the hands of the police, pawnbroker and publican, quite a number of men and women who were in the front ranks at this reception, wearing the insignia of new life and cheering lustily the man who had made an Army of Salvation.

On the white car reaching Corporation Buildings, the Mayor, Alderman Lawson, and the entire Council received General Booth, and, after the party were relieved of their well-drenched motor suits, escorted him to a stand especially erected outside. Here a gigantic concourse of men were in waiting for the more public and definite welcome.

The Mayor, in a felicitous survey of the General's career, introduced him to the people. Then the General delivered a fervid address, in which he urged the working classes to elevate themselves, their wives, and their children by seeking the favor and co-operation of God.

Monday Morning.

The fire kindled in the earlier meetings last night burst out into a mighty salvation blaze. Crowds surpassed all previous visits. The songs rolled forth like thunder, the praying pulled heaven to earth. Christ was preached by the General in the simplest language. The prayer battle was desperate, but faith conquered. Commissioner Booth-Tucker led the first to the stage. While a crowd from floor to ceiling looked on eighty-six decided in favor of the Man of Sorrows. Among them were shoeless children, prodigal boys, wandering daughters, miserable mothers, and desperate drunkards.

The General has just addressed a huge crowd in the Market Square, speaking from his motor. Hundreds of men got off work for an hour in order to bid him farewell.—Lawley.

The Wide - Awake West!

(Continued from page 9.)

officers present; the can was then inserted in a cavity prepared for it.

When all was ready the Mayor stepped forward and spoke a few words of his own unworthiness to perform such an important and religious task, and enologist of the Army. A silver trowel was presented to him by the Commissioner, bearing the following inscription:

Presented to
RICHARD VIGARS, Mayor,
by
T. B. COOMBS, Commissioner S. A.
September 8th, 1905.

"I am a mason by trade," said the Mayor. "I can get in and do as much work as any man ought to have to do in one day. I have worked at the trade, and may have to do so again." Then after a solemn pause: "In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I declare this stone well and truly laid."

The Commissioner read out the amount of money received, and the ceremony terminated with a song of praise. It was acknowledged to have been a pleasant and withal a profitable function, and created great joy in the hearts of the comrades who have fought amid much discouragement in the past.

FORT WILLIAM.

The Commissioner in the Town Hall—The Mayor Presides—The New Chief Secretary's First Bow.

Fort William was honored with the last meeting conducted in these rival towns at the head of Lake Superior. It is, certainly, ahead of its neighbor in the quality of its Town Hall—a new red brick building, with white facings, containing handsome municipal offices and an excellent auditorium capable of seating 800 people, containing gallery and stage, lighted with electricity and tastefully decorated. A good building is often an incentive to a good meeting, and it was so in this case. His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Rutledge, presided, and proved an admirable chairman for brevity and common sense. Mrs. Coombs occupied a seat on the platform. The audience was soon feeling at home under the genial influence of the Commissioner's and Lieut.-Colonel Pugnire's songs—it would be a very hard people who would not melt before these radiant influences.

"Keep your heart a-singing all the while, Make the world brighter with your smile," etc., was the good advice contained in one of the melodies.

The Chief Secretary was privileged to speak for a few minutes on the all-important theme, "Conversion," which was illustrated by a reference to a gold-miner's or pearl-diver's joy when either one suddenly finds the object of their search.

The Commissioner soon had the audience captivated with an instructive speech containing many references to the struggles of the early Salvation Army. Its work and progress were likewise explained, inasmuch that no one in that important meeting could misinterpret or miscomprehend the object of its existence. The inevitable personal message was pushed home—for the Commissioner never closes a meeting of any description without the penitent form—and several showed their desires in a practical way to seek and find God.

One case illustrates the danger that surrounds those who leave their native lands for a strange country. A young lady, a bright Christian in the land of her birth, is now a backslider, but conscious, thank God, of the treasure she has lost, and is determined to regain it. The meeting at Fort William was exceptionally good, and will produce even greater results. Although Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs did not reach home until 11 p.m., they were aboard the train at 5.48 the next morning, bound for Winnipeg—Antipodes.



The Eastern Province forwarded its boomers list too late to be included in last week's monthly list, and to make the competition complete we print it in this issue.

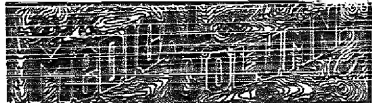
The East has just saved its first place by five names; West Ontario following closely by five names; East Ontario coming in third.

The East has omitted to give the places of residence of its boomers. What a pity! People want to know where the boomers live. Please bear this in mind.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, of Montreal, proudly takes the lead as champion of the Dominion, with 1,364 copies. Capt. March, of Glace Bay, follows with 1,000, and Mrs. Ensign Trickey is third with 800. This is a splendid accomplishment for a young bride.

Eastern Province. 122 Hustlers.

Capt. March, Glace Bay	1000
Mrs. Ensign Trickey, Sydney	800
Lieut. Moore, North Sydney	700
Lieut. Gilkinson, Glace Bay	680
Capt. McDonald	600
Sergt.-Major Casbin	600
Lieut. Pine, Truro	520
Sergt. Jennings	520
Capt. Payne	520
Sergt. McQueen	500
Mrs. Carter	500
Capt. B. Murchough	500
Mrs. Capt. Smith	500
Ida Harper	500
Mrs. Hudson	500
Ensign Miller	450
Lieut. Stairs	450



DISEASES OF THE EYE.—(Continued.)

Granular Lids.

This term is applied to a state of the eyelids in which the inner surfaces of the lids are studded with minute bodies about the size of a pin's head, which may lie closely together over the entire lid, or may be scattered in different parts of it. During the early stages of the affection these little bodies, called granulations, are red and bleed easily upon pressure; but after a time they become hard and white, and the mucous membrane between them becomes shrunken and yellow. At the beginning of this disease the eye is usually red, but in its latter state it becomes pale and somewhat yellow.

These granulations arise as a result of a purulent inflammation of the eyes, or as the continuation of an ordinary inflammation. In some cases they seem to be the result of continued irritation of the eyes which occurs in a far-sighted individual who is compelled to employ the eyes constantly on fine work.

Granular lids are not usually found in persons of robust health and a good sanitary condition; they are most frequently met with amongst people who live in closely crowded quarters, neglectful of sanitary requirements. They are, therefore, more frequently seen among the poorer classes, especially those whose general health is evidently impaired. They may exist for a considerable time without giving any more annoyance than a slight sense of roughness on the lids, and perhaps a little tendency in the lids to stick together in the morning. In the majority of cases, however, there is increased discharge from the eyes, and a constant feeling as if there was sand in the eyes. The severity of these symptoms is increased by exposure to cold wind, or from the glare of the sun as reflected from snow or from the surface of water.

Symptoms.—The patient's attention is first attracted by a feeling of heat and fullness in the eyes, and by a sensation as if there were particles of sand or other foreign bodies constantly irritating the surface of the eye. There is also increased sensitivity to light, and usually a discharge of the watery liquid which causes the lids to stick together in the morning. The edges of the lids are red, and somewhat thickened, and in advanced cases the upper lid is apt to droop somewhat.

The little bodies that are situated in the inner surface of the upper lid lie in contact with the cornea; the constant movement of the lid over the globe causes constant irritation of the cornea by the friction of the granulations. After a time this irritation is shown by a cloudiness and whitish appearance of the cornea, which is limited to that part of the eye covered by the upper lid. It is, therefore, only when this lid is raised, or when the patient directs the eye downward toward the floor that the whiteness becomes visible. After a time the surface

Lieut. Jaynes	450
Lieut. Strothard	450
Mrs. Hargreaves	400
Mrs. Jewett	400
Lieut. Speck	400
Ensign Richards	400
Capt. Forsey	400

300 and Over.—S. M. Irons, Sister Lyons, Fredericton; Lieut. Day; Lieut. Jaynes; Lieut. Wray; Mrs. Dunn; Jessie Kane; Lieut. Warts; Lieut. Andrews; Fred White; Capt. McMillan; Lieut. Robinson; W. Jennings.

200 and Over.—Ensign Greenland; Sergt. Robinson; Capt. Melkie; Ensign Percy; Capt. Donovan; Lieut. Turner; Capt. McAmmond; Capt. Tatem; Capt. Jones; Cand. Weir; Lieut. Greenslade; Sergt. Robinson; D. McCullish; Cadet Chedore; Capt. Dakin; Capt. Munroe; Annie Greaves; Sergt. Wright; Grace Wright; Lieut. McManister; Sergt. Wills.

150 and Over.—Cand. Price; Ensign Trickey; Ensign Clark; Cadet Loomis; Capt. Backus; Captain McWilliams; Mrs. McWilliams; Capt. Hogan; E. Worth; Sergt. Maybee; Capt. Weakley; Lieut. Tibbitt; Lieut. Gray; Capt. Brewer; Capt. McGillivray; Capt. Cavender.

100 and Over.—Annie Pomey; Lieut. Berry; Capt. Hebb; Capt. Kenny; Lieut. Bigelow; Mrs. Beatty; Lieut. Galway; Lieut. Taylor; Lieut. Dingle; Bro. Ladd; M. McLean; Mrs. Ross; M. McCullish; Capt. Wylder; C. C. Weir; Bro. Boudrie; Capt. Woodhouse; C. C. Ryan; J. Packwood; Sergt. Phillips; Lieut. Faller; Ensign Green; Ensign Miller; Mrs. Englund; Bro. McKenzie; Mrs. Hislop; Capt. Glen; B. Sharp; Bro. Clark; Mrs. Snow; Capt. Hogan.

50 and Over.—C. C. Seaman; D. Bond; Captain Reeves; Capt. Taylor; J. Allan; Sergt. Armstrong; C. C. Munroe; Lieut. Sewter; Lieut. Cronin; Capt. Conrad; Lieut. McWilliams; Lieut. Clark; Captain Vandine; Ensign Hudson; Lieut. Dunningthwaite; Lieut. Taylor; Capt. Miller; Sergt.-Major Elmin.

of the cornea becomes uneven and rough, and ulceration may be produced. In many cases bright red streaks are seen across the upper cornea, consisting of blood-vessels.

Occasionally the eyes troubled with granular lids become suddenly inflamed in a high degree; the lids are then intensely red, swollen and puffed, and may be kept spasmodically closed in consequence of the excessive sensitiveness to light; an attempt to open them is extremely painful, and is accompanied by a gush of tears which sweeps out strings of mucus.

Careful management and appropriate treatment usually succeed in removing the granulations, and, as a result, in restoring the clearness of the cornea. If the affection has been of only short duration, we may hope for complete and almost perfect recovery in every respect. The prospect is, however, worse in old cases; the mucous membrane of the eye becomes much changed in quality. It is no longer red and soft, but becomes white and hard like a scar. The result of this is frequently that the upper lid is drawn inward toward the globe of the eye, so that the eyelashes constantly rub against the surface of the cornea. The effect of this irritation is, of course, to aggravate the condition of the cornea and to diminish the prospects of ultimate recovery.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Tomato Rarebit.—Tomato rarebit is a chafing-dish delicacy. The materials are one cupful of canned or stewed tomatoes, a very little onion chopped fine, one cupful of cheese broken in small pieces, salt and red pepper. Stew the tomatoes ten minutes, add the onion and the cheese. Cook till the cheese is soft; season and serve on small pieces of toast.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Egg.—Select some firm, round tomatoes of equal size, cut a slice from the top of each, and remove the seeds carefully. Then place the tomatoes on a sieve to drain for an hour; coat the inside with a layer of warm butter and scatter over it a small quantity of chopped parsley. Break a new-laid egg into a coffee cup and turn it carefully into one of the tomatoes. Fill them all in the same way, replace the slice which was cut from the top of each, put them in a buttered tin, and cook them in a hot oven for about ten minutes, or until the tomatoes are soft. They should be basted with butter once or twice during the time, and just before they are done some browned crumbs should be sprinkled over them. Serve the tomatoes on round croutons of a suitable size and surround them with a richly flavored white sauce which has been mixed with sufficient chopped parsley to give it a slightly green appearance.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Select a medium-sized head of celery, and after cleaning it thoroughly, boil it in a pint of water for half an hour or longer. Mix a tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and when you have it smooth add to a pint of boiling milk. When the celery in the water in which it was boiled, and stir this into the boiling milk. Add a tablespoonful of butter, and a little salt. When all is cooked together, strain the soup and serve hot.

Extracts from a Cadet's Diary.

Feb. 23rd.—Arrived in Toronto after five days' traveling. Well, here is the Training Home at last, the goal of my hopes for years. Here is the place where all doctrinal difficulties must be settled, all doubts and fears destroyed and the definite assurance received that the call is from God. If the few months' training confers these blessings upon me, then it will indeed prove of everlasting benefit to my own soul and to many others. But I realize that to a great extent it depends on myself as to whether the training will prove beneficial or otherwise. If I fail to take hold of the lectures and lessons, fail to apply them practically; if I fail to fall into line with the directions of the Training Home officers, then I feel that all their labor and prayers will be wasted upon me, and it would have been better not to have come at all. But I am determined to make the most of this God-given opportunity, and let God have His way with me, and thus I shall be fully equipped and furnished for the work to which He has called me.

Feb. 25th.—The welcome meeting was held to-day in the Lecture Hall. The Staff were introduced to the Cadets and the prevailing advice given by all was to this effect: We must never look back—others are looking to us, and perhaps depending on our being faithful, and we must be determined to live and die in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Feb. 27th.—Lectures and lessons commenced. All is conducted according to a schedule, and the whole Bible has to be gone through before the end of the session. Every week-day morning, except Friday, is devoted to various lessons—either Biblical, doctrinal or on regulations. On Friday mornings each Cadet is responsible for the clearness of a certain portion of the college, and is supposed to spend the time in a war with any dirt which may have accumulated. With so many "housewifery" tasks is not a stupendous one. On Saturdays, the whole day is spent at the various corps meetings.

March 29th.—To-day is set apart as a spiritual day. For the past month various officers from Headquarters have been down to lecture to us on different subjects concerning our future career, and the lessons have gone on as regularly as clockwork. We are learning how to "boom" the War Cry and visit the people, and are attached to various city corps in brigades, for the purpose of practical instruction in corps work.

All the officers of the various corps to which the Cadets are attached have been assembled to-day, and it is to be an "All Day with God." Everything else is put to one side, and we are expecting great things from Him.

March 30th.—God did indeed draw near and bless us yesterday. It could be likened to a spiritual hurricane in which the blessings of God poured down like rain, and the Spirit swept over us as a rushing wind, revealing the will of God to us.

April 21st.—We all attended the service at the Temple to-day—Good Friday. The Commissioner conducted an "All Day at the Cross." Sixty souls surrendered to Christ during the day. We have excellent opportunities on such occasions as these to put into practice what we learn in the Training Home. We receive a lecture on "How to Fish" there, and armed with a knowledge of the theory go forth here to catch the fish. Now, that shows both sides of the question, and we learn thereby.

May 14th.—Self-Denial Week is over. We were all sent out to collect during the week, and though we are glad it is over, we have had many blessed experiences, and are more pleased than otherwise to think that we have been privileged to do a little for the Lord's Kingdom. Some of the ladies stood on the street corner with a box, others went to city corps and did house-to-house collecting, and some were sent to the villages round about, where they held meetings and traveled around the farm houses raising their targets. It was a grand time. The target for the Training Home was set at \$400, but the result surprised everyone. Over \$1,000 was raised. I guess we all meant to show them what we could do if we tried, and it is surprising what people can do when they try hard.

July 1st to 10th.—Great Camp Meetings held in Dufferin Grove. All the Cadets are enjoying the novelty of life in camp. Lessons go on as usual during the ten days we spend here. They are drawing to a close now, and we are studying the latter part of the life of Christ.

July 17th.—The Commissioning Day has arrived at last. Our happy family rose break up and scatter to the ends of the Dominion—and perhaps some will go further than that by-and-by. We must say good-bye to Father Taylor and Uncle George and the Staff-Captain, pack our trunks and depart to our appointments. Others follow in our footsteps as eager to work for God and be of use in the world as ourselves, and we all hope they will spend as happy and profitable a time as we have done. But I repeat, that depends greatly on oneself, and anyone entering the Training Home with a single eye to God's glory will find it is all conducive to godliness and all things made to work together for the good of the Cadets. A double-minded person, however, is likely to have a hard time, for his character, he will find, will not alter just because he comes to the Training Home; he will be there as he was before unstable in all his ways. It is a grand place, however, to get all crookedness taken out of one and be made into a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

—SIDNEY A. Church.

GOING NEW REGULATION BONNET

ALSO SUMMER

Last week we told you the contents of a dozen large cases—a bonnet or hat will keep—a difficulty next spring, as we do hats while you're at it.

Split Straw Hat
Extra Fine Straw (same as fine)

NEW REGULATION FOR OFFICERS

A few of

Bandm NEW REGULATION

The Knob and Band are White for Bandmasters, Red for Bandmen.
The Web is White for Bandmasters, Red for Bandmen.
The Cord is White for Bandmasters, Red for Bandmen.



CLOTH.—Our well-known Fast-anted for Wear and Dye.

TRIMMING.—Red Braid on Cord Red Welt around side, Cord to match. Red Silk Bands Crest.

PEAK.—Lined Green Leather.

Same Price as Former Material.

Instrument Rep

The thorough work we give at prices charged, are proving good as we are getting new work right in nearly every case a voluntary accompanies the cheque.

The following is one of many we could furnish:—

Brigadier Southall, Toronto.
My Dear Brigadier—
We are delighted with the repairs the shape the instruments were in w

The Trade Secreta

OUR HISTORY CL V.—THE ENGLISH

Chapter XXXVIII.
JAMES II.—A.D. 1685-1688.
James II. had, at least, been hoping the church in which he believed people disliked and distrusted him, and the graces of his brother to gain the throne was grave, and, and stern. The Duke of Monmouth came across and was proclaimed king in his own right. Many people in the West of England, and at Taunton, in Somersetshire, were by rows of little girls standing white frocks, strewing flowers before the Duke of Monmouth as he passed. Sedgemoor he was met by the Duke's forces; he himself fled.

GOING FAST!

NEW REGULATION

BONNETS

ALSO
FOR SOLDIERS
SUMMER HATS.

Last week we told you they were here. The onslaught has been so severe that the contents of a dozen large cases are beginning to look slim already. Anticipate your needs—a bonnet or hat will keep—and get what you need for next season. We may have difficulty next spring, as we did this, in getting goods. Better get one of the best quality hats while you're at it.

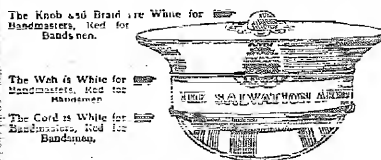
Split Straw Hat \$1.75 Chip Straw, Silk Trimmed \$2.75
Extra Fine Straw (same as finest bonnet), Silk Trimmed (under brim also) \$4.00

NEW REGULATION BONNETS \$5.00 and \$7.00
FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

A few of each in Extra Dark Silk, 25c. extra.

Bandmasters, Attention!

NEW REGULATION CAP FOR BANDS.



Shape, and placed at an angle of about sixty degrees to protect the eyes from the sun, and lessen the tendency to blow off.

SIDE LINING.—Sanitary, to absorb perspiration.

THE NEW BANDMASTER'S CAP is trimmed White throughout, except, of course, the Red Salvation Army Silk Band.

CLOTH.—Our well-known Past Color, guaranteed for Wear and Dye.

TRIMMING.—Red Braid on centre of top, Red Welt around side, and Red Chin Cord to match. Red Silk Band and Band Crest.

PEAK.—Lined Green Leather. Improved in

Same Price as Former Make, with Crest, Complete, only \$2.25

Instrument Repairs.

The thorough work we give and moderate prices charged, are proving good testimonials, as we are getting new work right along, and in nearly every case a voluntary testimonial accompanies the cheque.

The following is one of many testimonials we could furnish:—

Brigadier Southall,
Toronto.

My Dear Brigadier,—

We are delighted with the repairs. Considering the shape the instruments were in when shipped to

you, we think the amount charged to have them so well fixed up very reasonable indeed. Wishing the Trade every success along this, as well as every other line of good works, I am

Yours sincerely,
Ella Macdonald,
Staff-Captain.

"Our Own Make."

If you want new instruments, you can't afford to ignore these. Bands all over the Dominion are ordering. Equal to the very best makes, and cost less. Quotations furnished to outside bands. St. Thomas is the latest to send in an order.

For further particulars write

The Trade Secretary, S. K. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXXVIII.
JAMES II.—A.D. 1685-1688.

James II. had, at least, been honest in openly telling the church in which he believed; but the people disliked and distrusted him, and he had not the grace of his brother to gain their hearts with. It was grave, and stern.

The Duke of Monmouth came across from Holland, and was proclaimed king in his uncle's stead at Exeter. Many people in the west of England joined him, and at Taunton, in Somersetshire, he was received by rows of little girls standing by the gate with white frocks, strewing flowers before him. But Sedgemoor he was met by the army, and his friends were routed; he himself fled away, and at

last was caught hiding in a ditch, dressed in a laborer's smock frock, and with his pockets full of pennies from the field. He was taken to London, tried, and executed. He did not deserve much pity, but James ought not to have let the people who had favored him be cruelly treated. Sir George Jeffreys, the chief justice, was sent to try all who had been concerned, from Winchester to Exeter; and he hung so many, and treated all so savagely that his progress was called the Bloody Assize. Even the poor little maids at Taunton were thrown into a horrible, dirty jail, and only released on their parents paying a heavy sum of money for them.

This was a bad beginning for James' reign; and the English grew more angry and suspicious when they saw that he favored Roman Catholics more than any one else, and even put them into places that only clergymen of the Church of England could fill. Then he put forth a decree, declaring that a person might be chosen to any office in the State, whether he were a member of the English Church or no; and he commanded that every clergyman should read it from his pulpit on Sunday mornings. Archbishop Saneroff did not think it a right thing

for clergymen to read, and he and six more bishops presented a petition to the king against being obliged to read it. One of these was Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who wrote the morning hymn, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and the evening hymn, "All praise to Thee my God this night." Instead of listening to their petition, the king had all the seven bishops sent to the Tower, and tried for libel—that is, for malicious writing. All England was full of anxiety, and when at last the jury gave a verdict of "not guilty," the choice of London rang with shouts of "Joy, and the soldiers in their camp shouted still louder.

This might have been a warning to the king; for he had thought that, as he paid the army, they were all on his side, and would make the people bear whatever he pleased. The chief comfort people had was in thinking their troubles would only last during his reign, for his first wife, an Englishwoman, had only left him two daughters, Mary and Anne, and Mary was married to her cousin, William, Prince of Orange, who was a great enemy of the King of France and of the Pope; and Anne's husband, Prince George, brother to the King of Denmark, was a Protestant. He was a dull man, and people laughed at him—because whenever he heard any news, he never said anything but "I shall possibly" (is it possible?) But he had a little son, of whom there was much hope.

We are Looking for you

(First insertion.)

5062. MERRISON, MRS. (nee Agnes Macdonald). Age 31 years, height 5ft. 2in., dark red hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, farm servant, Scotch nationality. Missing about seven years. Last known address, Milford, Ont.

5064. PROCTOR, WILLIAM. Age 41 years, height 5ft. 11in., brown hair, blue eyes. Missing about three years. Last known address, Burnham Creek, Ontario.

5061. HODGSON, GEORGE, of Barking, London. Age 43, height 5ft. 5in., dark hair, brown eyes, brown eyes, medium complexion, married with small son, bricklayer by trade.

(Second insertion.)

5044. PETERSEN, HEWILL. Age 36 years, sea-man (tall dark man). Last known address, Fort William.

5045. WILSON, THOMAS. Age 66 years, boat engineer, height 5ft. 11in., dark brown hair, dark blue eyes. Missing about fifteen years. Last known address, Keystone House, Jackson St., San Francisco.

5046. MARSHALL, JOHN. Late of Navvies, Paisley, Scotland. Kindly send his address to J. Reeve, 262 Webster St., Toronto. Important news awaits him.

5050. WHITING, SAMUEL PROCTOR, or Harry Smith. Age 60 years, height 5ft. 5in., brown hair, light blue eyes, very fair complexion. Missing about nineteen years. Last known address, Truro, Nova Scotia.



5051. McLEAN, DAVID SCOTL. Age 21 years, dark complexion, height 5ft. 10in. Last known address, Butte, Mont.

5052. BENTLEY, WILLIAM BURNIE. Stone-cutter, age 40 years, auburn hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Comes from Glasgow. Last known address, Guelph, Ont.

4767. HOWARD FAMILY. Information wanted of James Howard, or any of his family, who kept the George and Dragon Hotel, on the corner of Front and John Streets, Toronto, in 1862.

5036. BROWN, JOHN. Age 35, height 5ft. 5in., dark hair and eyes, heavy reddish moustache, round shoulders, usually worked as a bridge painter or rough carpenter. Talked of taking up an homestead. Was last heard from about a year ago at Neche, N.D.

5037. MAHON, WILLIAM A. Height 5ft. 3in., fair hair and blue eyes. Last known address, Cosgrove's Camp, Central Alberta Railway.

5038. ROCKWOOD, MAURIC. Age 22 years, brown hair, blue eyes, rather low brow, height 5ft. 10in. Last known address, New Glasgow, Nfld.

5039. JONES, THOMAS. Age 35 years, height 5ft. 3in., dark brown hair and eyes, dark complexion, an able seaman. On Sept. 14th, 1904, he was in the hospital at Montreal. May have gone to St. Louis.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

With officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 29 Albert St., Toronto.

Songs of the Week

MY OFFERING.

1 I bring my heart to Jesus, With its fears,
With its hopes and feelings, And its tears,
Him it seeks, and finding, It is blest;
Him it loves, and loving, Is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour, Heart in heart,
None can part.

I bring my life to Jesus, With its care,
And before His footstool, Leave it there.
Faded are its treasures, Poor and dim;
It is not worth living Without Him.
More than life is Jesus, Love and peace
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my sins to Jesus, As I pray
That His blood will wash them All away
While I seek for favor At His feet,
And with tears His promise Still repeat,
He doth tell me plainly, Jesus lives,
And forgives.

I bring my all to Jesus, He hath seen
How my soul desireth To be clean;
Nothing from His altar I would keep;
To His cross of suffering I would leap,
And the fire, descending, Brings to me
Liberty.

A GLIMPSE OF CANAAN.

2 Oh, glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings,
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

Now, O, my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide,
And, O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Tune—Why Not To-Night?

3 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sower came to sow;
Jesus, the wheat; Satan, the tares;
For so the Word of God declares.

Chorus.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels about the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

To love my sin—a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.

But all who are from sin set free
Their Father's Kingdom soon shall see—
Shine like the sun for ever there.
He that hath ears, then let him hear.

WHEAT AND TARES.

Tune—Growing Together.

4 Growing together, wheat and tares,
Clustering thick and green,
Fanned by the gentle summer airs
Under the sky serene.
Over them both the sunlight falls,
Over them both the rain,
Till the angels come when the Master calls
To gather the golden grain.

Chorus.

Jesus, oh, grant when the angels come
To reap the fields for Thee,
We may be gathered safely home,
Where the precious wheat may be.

Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing their heads the wheat.
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky.

But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast;
"Blind and burn," said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rains,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.

Where shall the reapers look for us,
When their day of days shall come?
Solomon the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand.

GONE ARE THE DAYS.

5 Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin,
Gone are the hours of conflict fierce within,
Gone far away, my sins no more to know,
My heart my Saviour's blood is keeping
White as snow.

Chorus

I'm happy, I'm happy,
For with Jesus now I live,
And constant peace, and joy, and comfort
He doth give.

Gone are the doubts of a soul that dare not trust,
Gone are the fears of a heart by sorrow crushed,
Gone, by the blood swept far from me away,
And now I live in constant rapture—
Night and day.

Come are the joys of a heart in blood washed white,
Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right,
Come to my heart, there for ever to remain.
"For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—
"Death is gain!"

Come is my King, my heart and life to cheer,
Come is my Lord, to keep from doubt and fear,
Come mine to be, while I to Him belong,
And He is all my hope and comfort—
Joy and song!

TOUCH ME AGAIN.

Tune—Touch me again.

6 Ah, Lord, when the crowd gathered round Thee
For healing,
I press'd 'mong the number and put in my claim,
And virtue from Thee, Lord, was found at that moment,
I felt I was whole and I bless'd Thy dear name.

Chorus.

Oh, touch me again, Lord, touch me again,
This moment I feel afoof Thou canst heal,
So touch me again, Lord, oh, touch me again.

I have not dwelt, Lord, in the joy of Thy presence,
But Thou canst the health of my soul now restore;
My love has grown less, and my faith has been
wounded,
Oh, wonderful Healer, come, heal me once more.

Thou'rt passing! I feel, Lord, the breath of Thy
presence,
Just now is a chance which Thy love doth allow;
I'll not let Thee go unless Thou dost heal me,
So stretch forth Thy hand, Lord, and touch me
just now.

A WONDERFUL REDEEMER.

Tune—Old Folks at Home.

7 Oh, what a wonderful Redeemer
Is Christ to me!
He gives me peace and joy unfailing,
And blessed liberty.
Oh, how I love to tell the story,
Ever so sweet,
It satisfies my every longing,
I love His face to greet.

How oft I hear His voice so tender,
In love to me,
In words of comfort, words of counsel,
Bless'd truth and liberty.
Jesus will keep me ever faithful,
Lead me each day,
And keep me ever true to duty,
He'll be a guide on my way.

Often I heard Him plead so tender,
Though far away;
He called, but no, I would not answer,
"Come unto Me," He did say,
And then at last He drew me to Him,
So true and kind,
I found Him still a loving Saviour,
I left my burden behind.

F. Dhoton.

Coming Events.

The Commissioner

accompanied by
THE CHIEF SECRETARY, COLONEL KYLE,
will visit
SARNIA Saturday, September 24
PETROLIA Sunday, September 25

COLONEL AND MRS. KYLE
will visit
MILLBROOK Saturday, September 24
PETERBORO Sunday, October 1

MEMORIAL DAYS.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY,
OCTOBER 1st and 2d

Special Meeting in Every Corps in Memory
of our Glorified Comrades.

LIEUT. COLONEL PUGHMIRE WESTERN TOUR.

Special Meetings as follows:

Vancouver Sat. and Sun., Sept. 24 & 25
(Officers' Councils will also be held)
Victoria Monday, Sept. 26

LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN

will conduct

Special Harvest Festival Meetings
in Kingston, September 24 & 25

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHAL

will conduct the

Week-End Harvest Festival Campaign
At Peterboro, on September 24 & 25

STAFF CAPT. MANTON

Will visit Woodstock, Ont., Sat., Sun., and Mon.,
Sept. 23, 24, 25.

ENSIGN OWEN

Will conduct Special Meetings as follows: Bath,
Ont., Sept. 22, 23 (H. F. week-end).

BIOSCOPIC TOUR.

Campbellton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Sept. 26, 27, 28;
2: Newcastle, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3, 4; Chatham,
Wed., Oct. 4; Moncton, Thurs., Oct. 5; London, Fri.,
Oct. 6; Springfield, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7, 8, 9;
Amherst, Tues., Oct. 10; Summerside, Wed., Oct. 11;
Charlottetown, Thurs., Oct. 12; Windsor, Fri. and Sat.,
Oct. 13, 14; Glace Bay, Sun. and Mon., Oct. 15, 16;
New Aberdeen, Tues., Oct. 17; Des Moines, Wed., Oct. 18;
North Sydney, Thurs., Oct. 19; Sydney, Fri., Oct. 20;
Sydney, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 21, 22; Glace Bay, Mon., Oct. 23;
New Glasgow, Tues., Oct. 24; Truro, Wed., Oct. 25;
Halifax I., Thurs., Oct. 26; Halifax II., Fri., Oct. 27;
Windsor, Sat., Sun., Oct. 28, 29, 30; Liverpool, Tues., Oct. 31;
Lunenburg, Wed., Nov. 1; Annapolis, Thurs., Nov. 2;
Yarmouth, Fri., Nov. 3; St. John I., Sat., Nov. 4;
St. John II., Sun., Nov. 5; Charlton, Tues., Nov. 7; St. John,
Wed., Nov. 8; Fredericton, Thurs., Nov. 9; Woodstock,
Fri., Nov. 10; St. Stephen, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 11, 12.

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girls whose home is outside the city, and to place them
in all possible ways.